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NEW YORK TABLET

A FAMILY JOURNAL.

VOL. I. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1858. NO. 48.

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MAUREEN DHU,

THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE CLADDAGH.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE Feast of All Saints passed off as such days always do in the Claddagh. The morning, or rather the forepart of the day, was scrupulously devoted to the sacred duties of religion, and the evening to sports and merry-making. The early twilight was closing with a cold, clear frosty air that denoted what is called a "clearing up" of the weather, and augured favorably for the morrow. There was still sufficient light to distinguish objects when two female figures approached the Claddagh from the direction of the city. Under the hood of the gray-knapped cloak of one, it was very easy to discover the shrewd, sharp features of Noddy Kinshela, who, as usual, trudged along with a heavy yet rapid step, leaning on a stout oaken staff, which, from its venerable appearance, might have done duty in the days of Old Noll, or "the forty-one war." Who Noddy's companion was, it was not so easy to say, for the small, graceful figure was wrapped in a large cloak, and the face was carefully concealed by a long, thick veil. Notwithstanding her strange company it was plain that the cloak or mantle enveloped a person of gentle breeding, for there was that about her figure from head to foot that betrayed the delicately-nurtured.

Little conversation passed between the pair as they wended their way through the twisting, twining, bewildering little streets of the Claddagh, the lady drawing her veil closer as they went; an occasional remark from the beggar-woman was either answered not at all or in a low whisper on the part of her companion. On a sudden Noddy stopped, and peering down a narrow opening through which the misty waves of the Bay were visible, she exclaimed almost aloud:

"Ah! there she is, the darlin'!—herself and little Nanno!"

"Where — where, Noddy?" and the lady raised her veil and looked in the direction indicated by Noddy's finger.

"There they are, ma'am!—don't you see them?—daunderin' abcut like ghosts all alone on the beach—that's always the way it is with Maureen—she keeps by herself, you see, an' doesn't even care to be with the other girls an' boys."

"A strange fancy for one like her; was she always so?"

"Ever an' always, ma'am! ever an' always—from the time she was the height of little Nanno she was just as you see her now, in regard to playin' her lone, an' the like o' that!"

"Isn't it curious, Noddy, the liking she has for Leonora—I mean that poor child!" observed the lady after they had stood for some moments looking at the strangely-mated companions, who were strolling along the strand, the child every now and then stooping to pick up a bebble or a shell which she placed in her blue linen bib, gathered up in her little hands.

"It is a pretty picture," said the lady when they had got near enough to see clearly what was going on; "Noddy, don't you think that girl handsome?"

"Handsome!" repeated Noddy, and she looked at her frvorite with a mixture of pride and fondness in her old eyes that would have become Maureen's mother; "faix, then, I do, ma'am! an' more than that, I think she's a born beauty!"

The lady smiled—it was a sad smile, too—as she turned and fixed her soft eyes on her companion. "Noddy!" said she in a low earnest tone, "you that knows so much about our family—past and present—need not be told that the witchery of that girl's beauty has enchanted them that should never have come in its way.

"I know it, ma'am dear!" and Noddy's usually sharp voice sank to the same undertone, "but I see you're trimblin'—sit down on this bench—there's nobody 'athin hearin', so you needn't fear—they're all about their own sport in-doors, except the pair that's down before us. I know what you mean—an' now that you broke the ice, I suppose I may make bould to say a word to you about it. Before we go any farther in this business, I want to find out from *you*, whether you think she's in any danger," pointing at Maureen as she spoke.

There was a dead pause, during which Mrs. Behan—for she it was—seemed agitated by some strong emotion, but at last, clearing her throat once or twice, she replied in a tremulous tone:

"In the presence of God, Noddy Kinshela! I think not. *I* know—oh, *yes!* I do well—what a noble heart she has to deal with—a high-spirited, generous heart, full of the kindliest and tenderest of feelings—that heart may break in the struggle between pride and affection—but pure and guileless it will be while its pulse beats—good Lord! the child! the child!" and with a wild scream she was starting towards the beach, but Noddy catching her arm detained her, begging her to remain where she was. "Don't you see she only missed her foot on the beach—there Maureen has her up in her arms!"

"The Lord be praised! I thought she fell in the water, poor unfortunate creature! and if she did, she might not again escape—we could not expect a second miracle!—but hadn't we better go on now?—Noddy! Noddy! don't you find a great change in me?"

"For the better I do, ma'am! glory be to God!—och! och! but it's the true sayin' for the Wise Man that said it: 'Out of evil comes good!'—are you able to walk now, Mrs. Behan, dear?—if you are, let us be movin', for I'd wish to be in, and have a word with Aileen before they get there."

Charity was the ostensible object of Mrs. Behan's visit to Aileen, and it was not all affected for her heart was really good, although vanity had for years obscured its excellence. She regarded this friendless old woman with more than ordinary pity, and had been turning over in her mind sundry plans for her permanent relief. Great, then, was her surprise—not unmingled with disappointment, when on reaching Aileen's little cabin she found it empty—even the few little articles of furniture which Noddy had been wont to see there were all gone, and the place was cold and desolate.

"Dear me, Noddy! what can this mean?—what has come of Aileen!"

"God knows, ma'am, God only knows—but I'll soon find out from the neighbors."

To this Mrs. Behan was forced to assent, and Noddy having dived into one of the adjacent cottages, returned in a very few minutes with the information that Shan Driscoll had taken Aileen and her grandchild home to his house where they were now as comfortable as they would wish themselves, for there was no one in the village better able to keep them than Shan, "an' sure that same's no wonder," added Noddy, "for you see he has the heart to divide what God gives him!—I wish—I wish Maureen would take him, for I know well he'd make her the best of husbands—and, indeed, it 'id be only kind daddy for him, for a better husband than the father of that same boy never broke bread. Poor Connor! a wild, stirrin' fellow he was, too, jist the moral of Shan! God be good an' marciful to his sowl!"

"Pray Heaven she *may* take him!" ejaculated Mrs. Behan. Aloud she said:

"Shan Driscoll! Shan Driscoll! is not that the young man who saved——"

"Exactly, ma'am! it's himself an' no other!"—you see he has a likin' for the weeny creature ever since, an' a care over her—but what are we goin' to do, ma'am?—Aileen doesn't stand in need of charity now, you see, an' so we have no excuse—at least *you* haven't—to go and see her."

Mrs. Behan hesitated. She was unwilling to go without seeing Aileen, and her fair face brightened into a smile as a happy thought occurred to her. "Can we not still go, and make a merit of our good intentions?—you know we have only to tell the old woman how we went to her house, and hearing of her being removed, called to inquire how she is?"

"Why, then, to be sure we can do it, easy enough!—what came over me at all that I didn't think of it. Step out now, ma'am dear! for you see it's pitch dark on us, an' I have business to see to the night yet." So she stumped on towards the Driscoll mansion, ably supported by her "trusty," as she was wont to call her staff, muttering audibly as she went: "Dear! dear! see that now! the cuteness of these quality bates all—mind your steps, Mrs. Behan dear!—it isn't on the flags of Galway you are now—stoop your head, ma'am!—that's the way—dear knows but it's the quare place all out this same Claddagh—it doesn't answer for you, townspeople, espaycially by night. Here we are, anyhow, at Shan's door, glory be to God!—let us have a peep before we venture in!"

Having taken a reconnoitreing glance through the small window, Noddy raised her finger and whispered her companion to look in. She did so, and the scene which presented itself was one which she could not help admiring, prejudiced as she was against the Claddagh community. Propped up in a high-backed wicker chair right opposite the window sat or rather lay Aileen Rhua, and close beside her stood little Nanno, her head barely reaching to the arm of the chair, and her large, soft, dreamy eyes fixed in wonder on the old woman's face, attracted, no doubt, by some weird story of the past.

In front of the fire on a low stool sat Maureen, the delicate outline of her face seen in full profile, and her small head, with its weight of dark, glossy hair, reminding one of the chiselled creations of Grecian art. She was knitting, and the needles, rapidly impelled by her taper fingers, glanced and danced in the bright fire light, the only light in the room. It was indeed a scene for a painter. The wrinkled and emaciated features of Aiben, the elfin loveliness of the little hunchback, and the gypsy-like face and form of Maureen Dhu, all tinted with the warm glow of the turf embers.

"Well! I declare that's purty—now isn't it, ma'am?—just look at the child!"

Noddy's whisper was superfluous, for the lady's eyes were fixed on the little creature with an intensity of feeling that made them moist with tears.

"She's like—somebody you once knew, Noddy! is she not?"

"Well! indeed, ma'am, I never thought so before—I suppose because I never took right notice of her—but I think so now. Isn't it the thousand pities to see her as she is——"

"What matter," retorted the lady quickly, "if her life is to pass in the Claddagh ——!"

"But it isn't, ma'am!—please God! we'll bring it about that she'll have her rights—I've managed as hard matters as that in my time, and you know it, too!" Lord bless me! here's Shan—let us turn that other corner, for I'm sure you wouldn't like to meet him at the present time!"

"Not for the world, Noddy!—hurry, hurry for God's sake!"

Noddy would have been well pleased to keep her station at the window, if it could be done with safety, in order to see the effect of the meeting on Maureen and Shan, the former being most probably under the impression that Shan would not be home till much later in the evening, while the young master of the house had little notion of who was sitting by his hearth at that hour, keeping Aileen and her grandchild company. But she had promised to see Mrs. Behan home again, and in any case she could not allow her to go alone, on such a journey at such a time.

After seeing the lady safely housed by the front door, Noddy made her way round to the kitchen, and asked could she see the mistress, or Mrs. Behan, or any of the ladies.

"Well! Mrs. Behan's just come in, Noddy!" said the servant who had opened the door, "and I think she's gone up to her own room, but I'll tell Miss Fitzstephen."

"I'd as soon see the Mistress, Bessy! for it's about one of her pensioners I want to speak to her. Tell her, if you please, that Noddy Kinshela would be entirely obligated to her if she'd let her speak a word to her in regard to the poor woman that was brought to bed of twins the other day."

"Deed an' I'll tell her no such thing," said the pert, mincing housemaid, casting a coquettish glance on the grinning coachman, "do you think I'd deliver such a message, an' the master himself to the fore."

"Dear me! how modest we are!" observed the sarcastic beggarwoman, "if you're too shame-faced to say what I tell you, I'll go up the back-stairs here, an' you can whisper the mistress that there's one in the hall wantin' to see her."

This was done accordingly, but when Mrs. Fitzstephen came to the head of the kitchen stairs and saw who it was that waited there, she quietly followed the motion of Noddy's finger, and showed her into a small room or closet in connection with the butler's pantry.

"Well, Noddy, what is it you want?" inquired Mrs. Fitzstephen, "I see there's mystery in your looks," and she smiled pleasantly.

"The blessin' o' God on that bright face of yours, Mrs. Fitzstephen darlin'! sure it's what I forget at times when I'm talkin' to you tha it's not Miss Ellie French I have in it still, dear knows! but it's younger you're growin' every day, and I think Master Juan himself would think so, too, if it was the will of God that he *could* see you!"

This drew a sigh from Mrs. Fitzstephen, and banished the smile from her face. Just as Noddy expected, she became disturbed and uneasy.

"Noddy! Noddy!" said she, "why will you persist in these allusions to the past—idle they are, and yet mischievous, for they recall to my mind doubts and fears and misgivings, which made me miserable for years and years of my life, and which it is my interest to forget for ever. Why do you torture me, Noddy Kinshela?"

Mrs. Fitzstephen had been standing, but she now sank into a chair, and covered her face with her hands. Noddy placed herself before her, and resting both hands on the head of her staff, bent down so that her whispered words might reach the ear of her auditor: "I don't wish or want to torture you, ma'am! God forbid!—but what would you say if I had comfort to give you instead of anything else."

"Comfort!" ejaculated Mrs. Fitzstephen, suddenly removing her hands from her face, and peering up eagerly into the old woman's eyes—"what comfort *can* you give me?"

"Would it lighten the load on your heart to know that nothing bad happened to Master Juan that night—that he left the city safe and sound?"

"Would it lighten the load on my heart?—Oh Noddy! need you ask the question when you know who they were that were suspected of making away with him?—but what—what—have you heard?"

"I'll soon tell you that, ma'am dear! if you'll only try an' compose yourself—you're tremblin' all over——"

"Well! well! I'll do my best—there now—don't you see how composed I am?" and she looked up in Noddy's face with a wretched attempt at a smile, while her bloodless lips still quivered with emotion.

Noddy smiled, and nodded, and her old eyes twinkled with fun as she spoke again in that oracular, thrilling whisper that pierced the very soul of the anxious listener. "*You* thought, an' many a one else besides you—that poor Master Juan never left the city with his life—now *I* know, an' know for certain, that he was alive six or seven years after——"

"But how—how do you know it?"

"Did you ever hear of a Spanish vessel that was wrecked in the Bay about aight and twenty or thirty years agone?"

"No—but yet—let me think a moment!"—and the lady raised her hand to her burning brow, "yes! yes! I heard of it, I remember now—but what—what of that?"

Mrs. Fitzstephen's piercing glance gave fearful earnestness to her question, and the beggar-woman looked into her eyes with equal significance, as she replied in slow aad solemn accents:

"Juan Gonzales was aboord that Malaga ship——"

"Great God! and he perished——"

"No he *didn't*—most every one on boord went down, for it was a fearsome storm—but Master Juan and a few others were saved by a boat from the Claddagh that put out when it was against nature to run the risk."

"Brave fellows! it was just like them!" exclaimed Mrs. Fitzstephen.

"Oh! to be sure," said Noddy with no small bitterness of tone, "they're ever so good when you hear the likes o' that of them——"

"Well! well! never mind, but tell me how it was—how can you be sure that it was Juan?—who was it that recognized him?—speak! Noddy!—why don't you go on?"

"Why, jist because you'll not give one time, ma'am!—it 'id take me to have three or four tongues to tell you all at onst. You want to know, first an' foremost, how it happened. I tould you already that it was a couple of the Claddagh men that put out in a boat an' saved the Senore as you used to call him, an' four or five o' the crew. Afther that, *he* fell sick, an' was minded an' tended for weeks an' weeks at the house of Oyney Hallinan, the man that saved him—at least him an' his son."

"But did he never tell who he was—did he never speak of—of us?"

"Well! I b'lieve not, ma'am! he only said he was from Spain, an' the Claddagh people made a great wonder entirely at him speakin' English as well as anybody——"

"So he did—well he spoke it and oh! how sweetly!"

Noddy pretending not to notice Mrs. Fitzstephen's emotion went on: "He said he knew Galway very well, ma'am! an' had some acquaintances in it, but he didn't want to see any of them——"

"Merciful Goodness! can it be?—was Juan so near me at that time—so long, too—and he sick—depending on the charity of rude fishermen—and I not know it! But, Noddy!" and she laid her hand emphatically on the old woman's shoulder, "what brought him here then—or, being here, why did he not make himself known?—why did he not make an effort to—" she stopped, colored, and looked down—"But what am I saying?—it could not be Juan—no, no, it could not—he *would* have come had he been so near—no! no! it was all a mistake!"

"Was it, indeed?—did you ever see that cross before?"

One glance at the cross was quite sufficient to convince Mrs. Fitzstephen. Pale and trembling she fell back in her chair, her eyes fixed on the litttle *reliquaire*.

"See it before?—oh! *yes*, I did—it is the same—I'm sure it is—that Juan used to wear. Where—how—from whom did you get it?"

"The Se-nore."

"The Signor."

"Yes, the Senore gave it to the daughter of Oyney Hallinan—she was a young widow-woman, then, but she's a'most as ould as myself now. Her father and brother are both dead many a year ago."

"Do I know her," interrupted the lady.

"Well! then, there's few in or about Galway town that *doesn't* know her—it's Vara Halliday, ma'am!"

Mrs. Fitzstephen's countenance fell. "Oh, if that be so, Noddy! I fear I have little chance of getting the cross, she is so testy that I should not like to ask it of her, even to buy it?"

"I suppose, ma'am, you'd give something handsome for it?" said Noddy musingly.

"Any price she may choose to set on it—tell her so from me."

"It wouldn't be the laste use in life, ma'am dear! if Vara had it still, but I think them that owns it won't keep it from you."

"How is that, Noddy?—who is the owner of it now?"

"Why, Maureen Dhu, ma'am! Vara's granddaughter—the old woman gave it to her to guard her from evil. I'll tell you what I'll do, Mrs. Fitzstephens, then! I'll bring the girl here to see you, and I'm sure she'll not say again you, if you ask it from her."

"Hush! there is my daughter, Mrs. Behan, coming down stairs, and I hear my son moving in the parlor. I must leave you now, Noddy! but one word more before you go—what *brought* Juan here?"

"Vara can tell you that, ma'am! *I* partly guess it myself, but she knows it—she's as close as can be when she likes, an' I often done my best to get it out of her, but not a word—not one word—she gave me a hint of it onst, and that was all. Well, ma'am! I must be goin'."

"But how am I to see Vara?"

Noddy made a show of serious reflection, before she replied: "I'll tell you what I'm thinkin' ma'am—I'll coax the ould Trogan to tell it all to Maureen between times, and when she comes, you can get it out of her."

"Why, Noddy! I'm surprised at you!—would you have me speak of such things, or hear them from a mere girl."

"A mere girl! Ha! ha! I ask your pardon for laughin', ma'am, but you know nothing at all of Maureen Dhu, or you'd know very well that you might trust your life to her—she can keep a secret as well as if she was fifty—oh never fear to trust Maureen, ma'am! for them that has seen her from she was the height o' my knee, would tell her anything—anything at all, ma'am! But that's true—I was forgettin'—I wanted somethin' for that poor creature that had the twins the other day."

Mrs. Fitzstephen was really very kind and charitable, and had many pensioners amongst the poor of the neighborhood. In many cases, as in this one, Noddy was her almoner, and a very efficient one, too, and Mrs. Fitzstephen, glad of an excuse for the old woman's visit, in case it transpired, went directly to the parlor, and told her daughter, who was also interested in this poor woman. Between them, they filled a small basket with articles suitable to such an exigency, and when it was handed to Noddy in the hall, she thankfully stumped away, after hearing Mrs. Fitzstephen's whisper:

"Send the girl to-morrow afternoon—towards evening, if possible, as my son and daughters will be from home—if the weather is sufficiently fine, they are to dine with some friends a couple of miles out in the country."

Noddy gave a consenting nod, and tramped heavily down the steps with her basket, Mrs. Fitzstephen insisting on letting her out by the front door.

When his mother returned into the parlor, Fitzstephen looked up from his book with a significant smile. The traces of tears were still plainly discernible on her face. "You've had a visit from Noddy, mother."

"Yes! she came for something I promised her for another person."

"I don't know what you would do, you ladies, without Noddy."

Both mother and daughter started and changed color. Affecting not to notice their embarrassment, Giles went on: "If Goldsmith's 'gaping rustics' admired the fathomless depth of the village master's erudition, truly *we* may well stand aghast at the amount of *intelligence* locked up in Noddy's cranium. Never was beggarwoman or any other woman the repository of so many secrets. Eh, Margaret, what say you?"

"Well! I really can't say much on the subject, Giles!" replied the sister, making a great effort to appear indifferent, "I presume you speak from experience—can't you bear testimony yourself, now, to Noddy's oracular powers? See there now, mother! I leave it to you if his face does not betray him. Ha! ha! you that set traps for others, take care that you are not caught yourself!"

"Nonsense, Margaret! how your tongue does run on! But I think you'll have the laugh all to yourself this time," and he glanced significantly at their mother, who bent with an air of abstraction over a portfolio of engravings which lay on the table. Margaret made no answer, and finding it difficult to keep up an appearance of composure she soon after left the room, muttering something about a headache.

For some moments after her departure not a word was spoken in the parlor. Fitzstephen was apparently engrossed with his book, and his mother with the contents of the portfolio. This did not last long, however, for Mrs. Fitzstephen was restless and uneasy to a degree that she could not conceal.

"Giles!" said she at last, with more petulance than she ever before manifested, "I wish you would lay aside your book—can you not devote a little while to your mother?"

"Certainly, my dear mother, if you wish it, but I thought you were better pleased to see me intent on the book just now. You know I am *always* desirous of doing your will—if I only knew it."

"Giles," said his mother with an emotion which she was no longer able to conceal, "you have been, and are still, the best of sons—may God requite you, and He will, for has He not promised His choicest blessings to the obedient child—yes! you have been my chief solace for many a weary year, but, tell me! have you not, in your heart, accused me of coldness and reserve, because there were subjects connected with my early life on which I never talked to you?—tell me, my son! was it not so?" and sitting down beside him, she threw one arm around his neck.

"Well! mother, if truth must be told, I have from time to time some such undutiful thoughts," replied the son, in a tremulous voice, "but still I never blamed you because I knew you must have had some sufficient cause for a reserve so different from your ordinary habits."

"Bless you, my son! bless you for doing me so much justice, Giles! I have this night received intelligence which will, I think, justify me in speaking to you of matters which I was, heretofore, obliged to keep to myself——"

"To yourself and Noddy," said Giles with a smile which he could not repress.

"Precisely, my dear son, precisely—and that because Noddy was all along acquainted with the whole affair—I never would have made her a *confidante* from choice, although I must confess I have never known her to betray the trust reposed in her."

There was silence for a few moments, during which Mrs. Fitzstephen was evidently making up her mind to what was still a painful task.

"Giles!" said she at length, "for the present it is only to yourself I mean to open my mind—I may, after a while, extend my confidence to the girls, but not just yet—I suppose I need not tell you, Giles Fitzstephen! that your father was not my first love."

"I have long suspected as much, my dearest mother."

"And the mysterious picture in the drawing-room—" she paused and looked into her son's face.

"I have further suspected *it*, too, madam! as representing some one who had played an important part in the drama of your life!"

"You are right, my son! quite right, the original of that picture was Juan Gonzales the plighted lover of my early years—you look surprised, and no wonder, for his name never crossed your father's lips or mine since the day we were married. I am now going to tell you what part he *did* play in my drama, as you say!—there is still a cloud of mystery overhanging his fate, but to-morrow may clear it up a little further, and I will now tell you all I know myself."

(To be continued.)

THE PECULIARITIES OF IRISH HUMOR.

The following is a synopsis of the lecture delivered at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, by the Hon. S. S. Cox, on the above subject, and to which allusion was made in last week's TABLET. The lecture was given under the auspices of the Metropolitan Literary Association of that city.

Mr. Cox commenced by defining wit and humor, in an ingenious and original style. The Irish possess the latter more superabundantly than any people in the world. The Irish humor, he remarked, could be best judged at home; it could hardly have a fair appreciation in this country, but there it is indigenous; it was a stock of that tree which shed its foliage over many other nations.

He gave a lucid description of the Irish character, which he said was distinguished by susceptibility, vivacity, and qualities which are more calculated to make a nation interesting than successful. Humor is the most essential element of the Irish character; it flows in the blood as fresh and vital as ever, although England since her second Henry has been endeavoring to let it out. The lecturer then touched upon the hereditary antagonism between the Saxon and the Irish Celt, in the course of which he paid a high compliment to the latter at the expense of the former. The best and most noble blood of England, he averred, was Celtic, while the United States of America should feel proud that it derives more than half of its origin from the same race.

The lecture was richly interlarded with anecdote and details of quaint Hibernian humor. There was a kink in the Irish nature which no iron can smooth out; in riches or poverty, whatever his condition, his mirth and native humor will not forsake him, and from the very bogs, marshes, and miserable mud cabins arise constantly the beauty and aroma of his mirthfulness. "Ireland," said he, "may be called the Mark Tapley of nations; she may be steeped in misery to the lips, but she is jolly under all circumstances."

He next touched upon Irish literature and her literary champions, a bright and shining galaxy; her Sheridan, Steele, Goldsmith, Swift, Burke, Curran, O'Connell, and a host whose writings have bequeathed a rich legacy to English literature. Next the brogue in Ireland came under his notice, which, by some, is thought indispensable to portray Irish humor; but the latter, he avers, has the right ring without regard to the language in which it is spoken, although, when broadest, it is infinitely fairer than the wretched idioms spoken in many of the shires of England.

It is not alone by the *patois* that an Irishman is detected in foreign lands; his humorous bulls and blunders will betray his origin; and here he recounted a laughable anecdote, which had been originally told by Miss Edgeworth, of one of her countryman's adventures in England, where in four days he made eight palpable bulls. That lady, however, had discovered bulls in Shakspeare, Milton, and other great writers, including even the Bible itself. The national propensity for a shillelagh fight was dwelt upon with particular gusto, and the Irish humor as exhibited at fairs, although the most celebrated (Donnybrook) is numbered among the past. Ireland, with its impetuosity of heart and vivacity of intellect, he compared to a noble but decapitated bird; but nevertheless, with its head cut off, it is the fastest nation we have on record.

The Celt he pronounced clearly of Asiatic origin; there is the same extravagance in language, and in this particular we ourselves betrayed a kindred stock. The Oriental only anticipated his Celtic relative by wishing that the shadow of the one he complimented might never grow less, and that he might live a thousand years; while the modern Celt expresses himself in a wish that every hair on your honor's head might be a mould candle to light you to glory. Even the criminal in the dock will sometimes blarney the judge who sentences him, who, in his turn, will frequently return the compliment. Wit and a humorous Irish bull were most ingeniously defined. Both are, in the lecturer's idea, analogous, although differing in effect; the former unites two similar ideas, while the other seizes upon to separate them as wide asunder as the poles; but, said he, Ireland never makes a bull or blunder of the heart, no matter how many she may make otherwise.

It is, said he, a land where the soul runs over in a stream or jubilant of laughter, although at the same time he drew a gloomy picture of her impending fate, her children rapidly giving way before the Saxon and the Scot. Yet, in an uprising of the nationalities of Europe, he drew a hopeful picture that Ireland might yet be regenerated.

Mr. Bagwell has given notice of his intention to move, after Easter, for a select committee to inquire into the distress in Donegal.

WANDERINGS BY THE RIVER LEE.

[*From the Irish Literary Gazette.*]

The River Bride—The M'Sweenys—Kilcrea Abbey and Castle—Arthur O'Leary—Bishop Hurly—Muskerry—The Ovens—Ballincollig—The Barretts—Legend of Poul An-Iffrin—Carrigrohan Castle—Approach to Cork.

The River Bride, one of the most considerable tributaries of the Lee, rises in the parish of Kinneagh, and after flowing about fifteen miles in a north-easterly direction, falls into the Lee at Inniscarra. A Round Tower of peculiar structure exists near its source, being hexagonal in shape from the base to a height of fifteen feet, the remaining portion of the pillar being circular. The erection of this Tower may be referred to a period many centuries anterior to that which has been erroneously ascribed to it by Dr. Smith, who assigns it to the commencement of the eleventh century of our era.

Proceeding down the Bride, the next object of interest that arrests the eye is the venerable ruin of Clodagh Castle, once a stronghold of the M'Sweenys, a military clan, who formed the Gallowglasses of the Thane of Muskerry. This family were distinguished for their hospitality, a remarkable instance of which is mentioned by Dr. Smith. He says, that on the high road, near Dunusky, a stone was set up, on which was an inscription in Irish, inviting all passengers to the house of Mr. Edward M'Sweeny for lodging and refreshment. The stone was removed by a less generous member of the sept, and it is said that he never prospered after. After passing the ruins of Castlemore, formerly a keep of the M'Carthys, the Bride flows through a fertile tract of grazing land, which was, about one hundred and fifty years ago, a vast morass. This was the great bog of Kilcrea, which Smith says was, thirty years before his time, a refuge for wolves and "Tories," to the terror and annoyance of the neighboring country.

Kilcrea Abbey, or more correctly speaking, Friary, is situated on a gently rising slope above the Bride, about eleven miles west of Cork. Its name is derived from the Irish "Kill Crea," which signifies the cemetery of St. Cera. An antiquated bridge crosses the river close to the Abbey, the entrance to which is shaded by a fine avenue of trees. The Friary was founded in A.D. 1465, by Cormac M'Carthy Laider, Lord of Muskerry, for Franciscan friars, and was dedicated to St. Bridget. The ruins are extensive, and the walls being still almost perfect, the Abbey has an imposing appearance when viewed from the bridge. On entering the ruins the effect is enhanced, and a feeling of religious awe inspired by the spreading aisles and transept, now unroofed and dismantled, where once sacred hymns were intoned and fragrant incense rose to the fretted roof. Until lately, the entrance was lined on both sides by a grisly wall composed of human bones and skulls. The nave is separated from the choir by a square belfry, eighty feet high, through which a round-headed archway communicates with the choir. The columns supporting the arches are round, low, and formed of solid masonry. From one of these columns four ribbed arches spring, an architectural peculiarity which distinguishes this friary from all other structures of the kind. The mullions of the windows have been destroyed by the sacrilegious hands of Cromwell's troopers. The Abbey (if so we may call it) belongs at present to Mr. Rye, of Rye Court; and the old woman who acted as our cicerone informed us that one of his ancestors, having attempted to remove some stones from the ruins for building purposes, was prevented by ghostly interposition from carrying out the contemplated desecration.

The entire space within the walls is thickly peopled with the dead; the peasantry of the surrounding districts eagerly coveting the privilege of having their bones repose, when "life's feverish dream is o'er," within its hallowed precincts. In Kilcrea are buried many members of the house of the M'Carthy of Muskerry, from Cormac, its founder, to the last descendant of the race, who died in Cork, and was buried here in 1832, after which the ancestral tomb was walled up, never to be opened again, save to the trumpet-summons of the Judgment Day. Among the remarkable personages interred here was Roger O'Connor, whose tomb stands in the nave. He was an ardent republican, who, with his brother Arthur, took a leading part in the rebellion of 1798. He fortunately escaped the perils of that stormy time, and subsequently wrote several works of no particular merit. In the southeast angle of the nave is the tomb of Arthur O'Leary, commonly called "the outlaw." It bears the following inscription:

"Lo! Arthur Leary, generous, handsome, brave,
Slain in his bloom, lies in this humble grave."

His fate illustrates the iniquity of the penal laws, and deserves a special mention. O'Leary possessed considerable property, and spent the early part of his life in foreign military service. On returning to his native land, his great popularity among the peasantry excited the jealousy of a neighboring landed proprietor named Morris. A horse belonging to O'Leary having beaten one of Morris's in a race, intensified this jealousy into a deadly hatred on the part of the latter towards the former. Availing himself of that article of the penal laws which disabled any Catholic from keeping a horse whose value should exceed five pounds, Mr. Morris publicly tendered him that sum in the most insulting manner, for the horse that had won the race. O'Leary replied that "he would surrender him only with his life." Morris and his friends closed around him, a struggle ensued, but O'Leary escaped, being indebted for his safety to the fleetness of his steed. His resistance was represented to government in such a light that he was proclaimed an outlaw, a large reward offered for his apprehension, and troops despatched to arrest him. The peasantry were so attached to him that for four years his popularity secured him from the most active exertions of his pursuers. At length he was surprised by an ambush near Millstreet, and was shot through the heart, at the early age of twenty-six. The brother of the deceased watched an opportunity for revenge; and two months after the event, on the 7th of July, 1773, he rode up Peter's Church lane, in Cork, in broad daylight, and deliberately fired three shots in succession at Morris, who was standing near the window of his lodgings in Peter street. Mr. Morris was wounded in the side by one of the shots, from the effects of which he died. The avenger of his brother escaped to America, where he died not many years past.

Within Kilcrea are also interred the bones of one, connected with whom are some interesting historical reminiscences. In the southern transept is a broken tomb of which the inscription is defaced, but on which a cross fluery is still visible. This is generally believed to indicate the resting place of Bishop Herliny, or Hurly, erst titular bishop of Ross, who was one of the three Irish Prelates who attended the Council of Trent. His life was an eventful one. He was a native of Carberry and of humble origin; whence we may infer that he obtained his bishopric by merit alone. On returning to Ireland, after assisting at the Council of Trent, he was declared a rebel, and was imprisoned in Dublin Castle, from whence he was transferred to the Tower of London, where he was confined for three years and a half. After some attempts made by his friends to liberate him had failed, he was at length set at liberty, and was about to visit Belgium when he was seized with illness. He had himself immediately conveyed to Ireland, that he might die in his native land. On landing he was made prisoner and again confined in the Castle until an order came from the Lieutenant of the Tower for his release. He then repaired to his friend M'Carthy More at Macroom Castle, where he enjoyed his hospitality for a brief period. Bishop Hurly now took a small farm near Macroom, where he led a life of sanctity and retirement, revered by the inhabitants of the district. He died in 1579, and was buried, as we have mentioned, at Kilcrea.

We cannot quit Kilcrea Friary, without quoting the following lines from a quaint ballad, entitled "The Monks of Kilcrea," in evidence of the genial hospitality which once prevailed among the holy brotherhood who inhabited it:

Three monks sat by a bogwood fire!
Bare were their crowns, and their garments gray,
Close sat they to that bogwood fire.
Watching the wicket till break of day;
Such was ever the rule at Kilcrea.

For whoever past, be he Baron or Squire,
Was free to call at that abbey and stay,
Nor guerdon, or hire for his lodgings pay,
Tho' he tarried a week with its holy choir!

And now a bare inhospitable ruin greets the eye of the wayfarer, while in place of friendly welcomings, he hears the wind moaning drearily through its crumbling cloisters, as chanting a dirge for the past, and wailing for the happy time that shall return no more.

A little to the west of the Friary, higher up the stream, stands the Castle of Kilcrea. It was once a keep of the Clancarty sept, and the date of its erection is coeval with that of the Friary, by whose founder it was built. It is a square tower, seventy feet high, and still in a good state of preservation. The bawn and moat still exist; but the barbicans and outworks are a mass of ruins. The interior of the building is bare and gloomy; but the view from the summit—the ascent to which is by a flight of marble steps—is varied and extensive. The eye ranges over a large part of that beautiful district, known by the name of Muskerry, or the Pleasant Country. In the distance are seen the spreading woods of Castlemore, in the midst of which is situated Rye Court, on the noble lawn in front of which hurdle races and athletic sports are frequently held. Crowning an eminence beyond Rye Court are visible the shattered remains of Castlemore, already mentioned.

About two miles west of Ballincollig, and seven to the west of Cork, is situate the hamlet of the Ovens, on the banks of the Bride. This place is chiefly remarkable for its limestone caverns, said to extend many miles under ground. There are two entrances to them, but some of the caves are so low as to oblige the visitor to creep on hands and knees.

A mile to the west of Ballincollig the Bride joins the Lee. Near their junction, rising behind the church of Inniscarra, is a partly wooded and partly uncultivated hill called Carvagh, or the barren ground, once the property of a thirsty soul named Dowe, a toper of 'the good old times,' who drank it acre by acre.

The Lee, now increased by the junction with the Bride, winds at the base of Carvagh, in an easterly course, in view of the village of Ballincollig. Here are extensive millitary barracks for artillery and cavalry, and also a constabulary barrack.

About a mile from the town is Ballincollig Castle, once a fortress of the Barretts.* It was garrisoned by Cromwell and James II. It is of considerable antiquity, being generally supposed to date from the reign of Edward III. The castle is of quadrangular form, and was formerly flanked by towers at each angle. It is built on an isolated rock, of moderate elevation, which rises in the midst of a plain. The Barretts were an influential and predatory clan; hence the bawn, in which they kept the cattle captured in their forays or raids, was well fortified by two towers. The thickness of its walls and the strength of its defences attest the purpose for which it was built, and prove it to have been erected in those feudal times, when men were guided solely by the simple rule—

"That they should take, who have the power,
And they should keep, who can."

Dr. Smith relates that, in 1381, the citizens of Cork, harassed by the repeated forays of these freebooters, despatched a large force against them, which captured the chief of the Barretts and several of the clan, who were detained as hostages.

As we approach the church of Killogrohan, on turning a bend in the river we come upon a deep gloomy linnor pool aptly designated Poul-an-Iffrin (*i. e.* Hell-hole). A hideous snake or dragon of immense size is said to inhabit this pool. He watches vigilantly over untold treasures that lie buried beneath the waters, which he sometimes quits for an evening promenade on the banks of the river, where the marks of his paws have been sometimes discerned. Crofton Croker has celebrated this pool as the chief haunt of that iniquitous sprite, Teigue of the Lee. On the south side of the river, cresting a steep rock which rises perpendicularly above the road that winds at its base, the picturesque Castle of Carrigrohan next attracts the eye. A few years ago it was a mouldering ruin, but has since been completely repaired, with a view rather to comfort than effect by Mr. M'Swiney, who now inhabits it. It was formerly a pile of considerable extent and massy strength. In 1462, it is mentioned as having been the boundary of the liberties of the city of Cork. Carrigrohan was founded by the M'Carthy's, and came subsequently into the possession of those bold, acquisitive Barretts of whom we have already made mention. Their estates were forfeited at the Revolution, and in 1644 Carrigrohan was dismantled. It afterwards became the residence of Captain Cope, a daring Rapparee, who, at the head of a gang of brigands, plundered travellers, and laid the neighboring country under contribution.

Opposite Carrigrohan the Awbeg comingles with the Lee, about four miles from Cork, after flowing through the famous village of Blarney.

A little beyond the bridge which crosses the Lee near Carrigrohan Castle, rises a steep hill, from whose brow, looking eastward down the valley of the Lee, the prospect is truly splendid. Beneath, the river is seen flowing through the plain in those tortuous snake-like windings so well expressed by the French word "replis," through verdant banks of such velvet softness that they seem to mould themselves to the sinuosities of the stream rather than the latter to yield to theirs. On either side softly swelling hills spread away to the horizon, dotted at intervals with groups of trees and browsing cattle. Over all plays that ever-varying light and shade which constitutes the most exquisite charm of Irish scenery, the absence of which imparts so much monotony to some of the loveliest scenes of continental Europe, while far to the east the view is bounded by the dark cloud which marks the position of the fair City of Cork.

* In reference to the Barretts, the following characteristic anecdote is related of the Earl of Tyrone. As he was marching past Castlemore, a residence of the Barretts, near Mallow, he asked who lived there? And being told that it was inhabited by one Barret, a good Catholic, whose ancestors had been settled in Ireland 400 years—"No matter," he replied, "I hate the English churl as much as if he landed but yesterday!"

MR. BRIGHT, M.P., ON THE CONDITION OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

The "unemployed" of Birmingham recently adopted a memorial to the Queen, praying her Majesty to authorize the institution of some gigantic scheme of free emigration as a remedy for their great distress. Mr. Bright, M.P., has been asked to present the memorial, and has written the following reply:

"DEAR SIR:—When your memorial reaches me or Mr. Scholefield, we will at once take the usual course with respect to its presentation to the Queen.

"I am sorry to find that the 'unemployed' should be so numerous in Birmingham as to induce them to unite with a view to some public measure for their relief. The unfavorable condition of the markets of the United States, and of the continent of Europe, will account for much of the suffering which is being endured by the working men of England. I confess, however, that I can see no remedy for a large portion of the mischief complained of so long as we find our taxes constantly increasing, and our national expenditure augmenting.

"We are now spending 20 millions a year more than we were spending only a few years back, and our military expenses have doubled since the year 1835, when the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel were in power.

"This year, I suppose, we shall raise in taxes *at least fifty million sterling* more than will require to be raised by an equal population, living, not in England, but in the United States of America. Surely this will account for much of the evils which you and the memoriarists, and the working classes generally suffer, and I am not surprised that sensible men should wish to quit a country where the burdens are so heavy, and the political privileges of three-fourths of them are so few. Every man who is not prepared to compel a better and more economical government at home should emigrate, or the pauperism of his day will be deeper and more without remedy in the days of his children. I wish I was able to come to Birmingham and talk to you about these great questions.

"Yours very respectfully, JOHN BRIGHT."

A NEW CHURCH IN NEW HAVEN, CONN.—LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE.

[*From the New-Haven Journal of the 20th April.*]

Our citizens had an opportunity of witnessing some of the most imposing ceremonies of the Catholic Church on Sunday last. The Sacrament of Confirmation was administered, by the Right Rev. Dr. McFarland, to 260 persons in St. Patrick's Church in the morning, and to 336 at St. Mary's Church in the afternoon. The Bishop addressed each congregation in a most impressive and interesting discourse, explaining the object of the Sacrament of Confirmation, the obligations it imposed and the religious benefits to be derived by those who approach it with the proper dispositions. Both churches were densely crowded.

After the services at St. Mary's, a procession was arranged of the congregations of St. Mary's and St. Patrick's, of which the females who had been confirmed, (all dressed in white,) with the Hibernian and Montgomery Societies, formed a conspicuous part. This procession proceeded to the junction of Davenport Avenue and York street, where the imposing ceremonies of laying the corner stone were performed by the Bishop, assisted by the Rev. John Smith, the Pastor of the Church to be built; Rev. Edward J. O'Brien, of St. Mary's; Rev. Messrs. M. Hart and R. O'Gorman, of St. Patrick's; Rev. John Lynch, of Birmingham, and the Rev. Isadore Daubresse, of St, John's College, Fordham. Mayor Galpin was conspicuous among the guests. Several coins and other interesting memorials, with an inscription in latin, of which the following is a literal translation, were deposited in a small box and enclosed in the stone:

"On the 18th day of April, in the Year of Our Lord 1858, Pope Pius the Ninth being Sovereign Pontiff. The Most Rev. John Hughes, Archbishop of New York; the Right Rev. Francis P. McFarland, Bishop of Hartford; Rev. John Smith, First Pastor of this Church; P. C. Keely, Architect. James Buchanan, President of the United States; Alexander H. Holley, Governor of the State of Connecticut; Philip S. Galpin, Mayor of New Haven. Many of the Rev. clergy, and a very great multitude of the people being present. This corner stone is laid to the great glory and honor of God, in honor of the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin Mary, and all the Angels and Saints, under the title of Saint John the Apostle and Evangelist."

The Right Rev. Prelate addressed the vast concourse of people present, taking for his text the 1st and 2d verses of the 127th Psalm. The address was in his usual fervent manner, explanatory of the object of blessing all those material things which are intended to be used in the worship of Almighty God, and in giving a brief sketch of the history of the progress of Catholicity in New Haven.

The church will be built in the Celtic order of architecture, which prevailed throughout Ireland during the 11th and 12th centuries. The plans have been furnished by P. C. Keely, Architect. It is the first church in accordance with this style of architecture ever built in the United States. Length of building, 131 feet six inches; breadth, 61 feet 10 inches; interior height of ceiling, 47 feet; spire, 150 feet. The interior of the church will be different from anything of the kind in this city. It will be divided into a nave and two side aisles, with two tiers of columns. On the Gospel side will be an altar dedicated to our Lady of the Immaculate Conception. The Chancel will be illuminated by a rose window, having in the centre the Immaculate Conception, with 12 emblazoned figures around it setting forth her cares and sufferings. The Chancel will be decorated with the same style by the Architect and Artists having charge of the work. The altars will be built of Florentine marble, richly embellished, as also the nave and aisles, with those symbolical signs which exemplified the faith and devotion of the early Christians in Ireland. The Chapel of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception—in which will be placed an altar to her devotion and a statue of her, to recall to the minds of the faithful the glory conferred by God in making her a pure virgin, the Mother of His Divine Son, the Redeemer of the world.

NAPOLEON AND THE OLD MOUSTACHE.—It was between Mure and Vizele that Cambronne, who commanded his advanced guard of forty grenadiers, met suddenly a battalion sent forward from Grenoble to arrest the march. The colonel refused to parley with Cambronne; either party halted until Napoleon came up. He did not hesitate for a moment. He dismounted and advanced alone; some paces behind him, came a hundred of his guard, with their arms reversed. There was perfect silence on both sides until he was within a few yards of the men. He then halted, threw open his surtout, to show the star of the Legion of Honor, and exclaimed "If there be among you a soldier who desires to kill his general, his emperor, let him do it now. Here I am." The old cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" burst instantaneously from every lip. Napoleon threw himself among them; and, taking a veteran private, covered with cheveron and medals, by the whisker, said, "Speak honestly, old moustache, couldst thou have the heart to kill thy emperor?" The man dropped his ramrod into his piece to show that it was uncharged, and answered, "Judge if I could have done thee much harm—all the rest are the same!" Napoleon gave the word, and the old adherents and the new marched together on Grenoble.

Sir Hamilton Seymour, the British ambassador at Vienna, has resigned his post.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

The holy season of Lent has been observed in all the Catholic churches of Belfast with edifying piety and becoming solemnity. The ceremonies have been performed in St. Mary's, St. Patrick's, and St. Malachy's churches, in the presence of large crowds of the Faithful, who have approached the Sacraments. The Catholic clergy have been unceasing in their attention to the spiritual wants of their flocks, not only in the churches, but also by the bedsides of many who had been afflicted with fever and other sickness.—*Ulsterman.*

Sir Hugh M'Calmont Cairns has, during his three weeks in office, received upwards of 200 letters and memorials from Belfast, soliciting, and in some cases claiming as a right, his influence with government. A pleasant constituency!—*Court Journal.*

An order for the Cork Water Works Company is at present in course of execution at the Soho Foundry, Belfast. The Soho Foundry has the largest turning lathe in Ireland, and the heaviest castings ever supplied to order in this country were made there.

The appearance of the Belfast docks evidences a brisk trade at present. All the docks are well filled with shipping, particularly the coal quay, which, if numbers are an indication of good business, appear to be more than usually prosperous.—*Whig.*

Steps are about to be taken for the enrolment of a number of men for the Royal Antrim Artillery. The bounty is £6 10s., and the period of service 5 years.

Cavan.

In the diocese of Kilmore, the Rev. John O'Reilly, late president of the Seminary in Cavan, has been promoted to the parish of Lurgan, vacant by the decease of the Rev. Owen O'Reilly. Rev. James O'Reilly has got the parish of Kilmore, vacated by the decease of the late venerable Archdeacon Brady. Rev. James Dunn succeeds the Rev. James O'Reilly in the curacy of Killinkere, and is succeeded in the curacy of Bailieborough, by the Rev. John O'Reilly, who has been ordained off the Dunboyne Establishment in Maynooth. The Rev. Philip O'Connell has been taken from the College of Maynooth also, and placed in the Seminary in Cavan.

The students of the Kilmore Academy, Cavan, will shortly give, according to custom, amateur theatricals. The pieces selected are "Brutus" and "Macbeth," with appropriate comedies, farces, and interludes.

The Lord Lieutenant of the county Cavan has appointed Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Theophilus Clements to be a deputy lieutenant of that county.

Cork.

It appears by a report of proceedings of the Cork Union, that a medical man, who presented himself as a candidate for the office of guardian, has ousted a barrister, who held the position for some years. We learn that the poll showed the votes for Dr. Corbett to be 280, for Mr. Edden 200. This result, we presume, is owing to the *esprit de corps* so long existing among the Cork medical men, and which was so admirably demonstrated at their late meeting and annual dinner.—*Examiner.*

A sheep, the property of Mr. John Cronin of Kilcronin, in the parish of Whitechurch, yeaned and brought forth two young, one of which presented an extraordinary phenomenon, the forepart of the body being, in all respects, that of a goat, while the hinder part was that of a sheep. The dam and the young ones are now doing well.—*Ibid.*

This has been a very unfavorable season for fishery operations in Kinsale, the take being much under the average. The consequence has been that numbers of the men engaged in the fishery have been reduced to distress, and many have had to resort to the workhouse.

Down.

Dr. Robinson, of Ballibay, was appointed Medical Officer to the Warrenpoint Dispensary, by a majority of votes—namely, 7 to 3.

The new buildings of the County Down Railway near the Long Strand, Ballymacarrett, intended chiefly as a machine depot, and for repairing the rolling stock of the company, are fast approaching completion.

Dublin.

The Fifth Annual Meeting of the Ossianic Society was held at their Rooms, No. 9 Anglesea street. After the minutes of the last meeting had been read and confirmed, the Secretary read the following report, which was adopted by the meeting: "It is now nearly six years since the Ossianic Society was ushered into existence by a few individuals, who saw the neglected and sad state of the MS. literature of their country; and of that portion in particular, known as *Ossianic*, for which no one seemed to care or value. A meeting was held and a committee of gentlemen—Irish scholars—enrolled themselves, determined to commence operations in the vast field open before them, and try the experiment as to whether anything could be done in the shape of printing and preserving from destruction the poetry songs ascribed to Oisin and Caoilte, the ancient bards of Fenian history. The result of their labors is, that there are now three handsome volumes of Ossianic literature rescued from destruction, and in the hands of the members; a fourth is just ready for press, and will shortly appear. These volumes have elicited the warm praise of the Irish as well as the English press; and the result is, that there are now on the roll of the Society 532 members. The council have great gratification in announcing that during the past year 105 members joined the Society; it is cheering to find that such a spirit exists in behalf of their labors. The council feel great pleasure in calling attention to the labors of kindred societies, formed in America and Australia. It is cheering to find that at these distant regions of the globe Irishmen do not forget the literature of their native land; and that they exult at the thought of hearing once more the poems and tales so often recited by the *Seanchuidhe*, or story-teller, at their father's firesides. The mission of the Ossianic Society is a noble one, and the council hopes they will receive that support from their countrymen which enable them to preserve every fragment—no matter how small or trivial—which will throw light on the past glory of their native land. The President is William Smith O'Brien, Esq.

A meeting of the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society was held at the Sailors' Bethel, Lombard street. Alexander Hall, Esq., presided. Mr. W. T. Miller, the travelling agent, explained fully the working of the society. He was happy to say that 48,000 mariners and fishermen were subscribing to the funds, and that the number was still increasing. Part of the society's income was derived from the benevolent public, who were ever ready to help those who helped themselves. With the two sources of income they were enabled to do a large amount of good. This would appear when he told them that upwards of 7,000 sufferers from shipwreck were relieved by the society last year, at a cost of £9,400, being £2,400 in excess of any year previous. The society had also cleared the country of beggars in the garb of seamen, which was a great relief to the feeling-hearted, who had been robbed of many a pound by these impostors. Mr. Marshall, the honorary agent, in an interesting speech, alluded to the proposed hospital for worn-out seamen, and hoped the building would be erected.

Kerry.

We copy the following from the *Tralee Chronicle:* "At the Killarney Quarter Sessions expectation was on tiptoe at the civil side of the court, it having been generally understood that the fines imposed by Mr. John S. Trench, of which so much has been said in the public press, would be submitted to a legal test before the assistant-barrister. Several parties, it was known, taking heart of grace, had processed Mr. Trench for the recovery of sums in which they had been mulcted. Mr. Trench, however, did not appear, but paid the several amounts. I have just learned, from an authentic source, that the petition to Lord Lansdowne has been forwarded to the Marquis, signed by 160 of the tenants, who are every day plucking up more courage, sustained, as they find themselves, by an independent press."

Mr. James Redmond Barry and Mr. Fennell, Commissioners of Fisheries, are at present holding inquiries with reference to the lakes and rivers of Kerry. Their first meeting was held in Killarney on Tuesday, and is likely to result in the establishment of the open season for the entire district from the 15th of January to the 31st of July.—*Tralee Chronicle.*

The National Bank are about to erect extensive houses for their business in Tralee and Killarney.

Kilkenny.

An inquest was held in Goresbridge on the body of Timothy Marlin, a young lad 18 or 19 years of age, son of a stone mason living in that town, who was found drowned in a small stream of water adjoining the town. It appeared that the deceased was subject to fits, which came on suddenly; that some years ago he fell into the fire, and was so severely burned, that he was deprived of the use of his left arm; notwithstanding which, nothing was done to restrain him from going into the vicinity of water. On the day in question he went out to fish, when, it is supposed, he was seized with one of these fits, and fell into the water (which was not more than eighteen inches deep) and was drowned. A verdict in accordance with the facts was returned.

The *Kilkenny Journal* says that the spring fair held in that city recently was the largest in point of supply of stock ever seen in Kilkenny.

Henry Bruen, Esq., M. P., has received from the Rev. James Butler, R. C. C., Carlow, the sum of £16, restitution money.

A little girl aged five years, a daughter of Mr. John Wilson, a respectable farmer residing at Scanlansland, near Castlecomer, was burned in the most frightful manner. Having incautiously approached too closely to the kitchen fire her clothes caught the flame and soon blazed all about her. The little sufferer ran out and flung herself on a dung-heap, rolling about to try and extinguish the flame, but some fresh straw having been recently thrown over the heap, it became lighted, and she received most frightful burns about the body, neck and face, before assistance was procured. She has since been constantly attended by Dr. Anderson, Mount Nugent; however, but slight hopes indeed can be entertained of her recovery.

Limerick.

A public meeting of the friends of Major Gavin, M.P., was held at the City Courthouse, for the purpose of expressing their feelings in reference to the petition presented against his return by Messrs. Cochraine and Hartigan, on behalf of Mr. Ball. The chair was taken by the Rev. Matthew O'Connor, P.P., St. Patrick's, who briefly addressed the meeting. Mr. J. White, J.P., proposed, and the Rev. Joseph Darrac, Administrator of St. Michael's, seconded the first resolution, stating that they regarded the presentation of the petition against the return of Major Gavin as an insult to the people of Limerick, through their representative, and as conduct unworthy of any honorable opponent.

Louth.

An inquest was held at the Louth Infirmary on the body of a man named O'Hare, who had been killed on the line of Railway between Dundalk and Newry, by the up train which leaves Portadown at 8.30. The deceased who was in the employment of the Railway Company was (when the accident occurred) nearly a mile from the place where he should have been stationed at the hour the train was to have passed, and the jury not being able to account for his absence from his regular beat at such a time, returned a verdict of accidental death, exonerating the engine driver and guard from negligence or blame.

The Board of Trade have reported that the bill premised by the Dundalk and Enniskillen Railway Company is to enable the company to raise additional sums of £75,000 by new shares, and £24,900 by borrowing, to issue such new shares, and also any unissued shares in their previously authorized capital, with a preferential diffident not exceeding 6 per cent. per annum, or at a discount not exceeding 15 per cent.

The planting of potatoes of every description proceeds with the greatest activity throughout the county of Louth. All the large gardens near the town of Dundalk are planted. The very best "Scotch Downs" are freely selling at from 9s. 6d. to 11s. 6d. per barrel. "Kemps" (in demand) at from 10s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. per barrel.

His Grace the Primate administered the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation to over three hundred children in the parish church of Drogheda. The scene presented to the beholder was most edifying.—*Argus.*

It is said that a respectable Belfast Company shortly intend to build a spacious public theatre in Drogheda.

Meath.

On the evening of Sunday, 28th March, a fire was observed to rise in the farm yard of Mr. Lynch, of Balrath. A few police and some of the neighbors, numbering in all about twenty persons, were instantly on the spot, and found a stack of straw all in flames. This stack occupied a central position among four others which closely encircled it, and all were situated near the outhouses. It was therefore vain to think of saving the straw, and the attention of the spectators was exclusively directed to the preservation of the dwelling house and stables, all of which are covered with thatch. Fortunately, there were no corn stacks in the haggard. Water was copiously showered on, and all the skill at command was used to extinguish the flames. Had the fire occurred later in the night, when no help could be promptly given, it is probable that not only would all the property, but even the inmates of the house be destroyed. Even as matters stood, it was with great difficulty an alarm was given to the people inside, several loud calls being made, and the door struck violently before any response could be elicited. Mr. Lynch was about ten minutes home from a visit to his father-in-law, Mr. Fagan, at Bolys, when the occurrence took place, and nothing unusual was observed by him when he arrived.—*People.*

The Hon. Mr. Plunket has "at length resigned the chairmanship of this county." Thomas Rice Henn has been appointed by the Lord Chancellor to act as assistant barrister for the county Meath during the ensuing sessions, in the room of the Hon. John Plunket, who is still unwell.—*Ibid.*

Queen's County.

The inhabitants of Mountmellick have presented a numerously-signed memorial to the Lord Lieutenant, praying that the provisions of "The Towns' Improvement (Ireland) Act, 1854," may be carried into operation in their town.

Roscommon.

A man supposed to be Allsop, who stands charged with having been one of the conspirators to assassinate the Emperor of the French, was arrested in Keadue the other day by Mr. Frazer, and handed over to the police. He was remanded for further inquiry.—*Boyle Gazette.*

Tipperary.

The auction at the Priory, the seat of Sir John C. Carden, Bart., took place lately, and was very largely attended by the North Riding gentry and neighboring farmers. Yearling bulls realized high figures, and springers brought from £12 to £16 10s. a piece.

A move is being made to have a statue erected in Tipperary county to the memory of the Liberator.

Tyrone.

The Dungannon and Portadown Railway was opened for traffic on the 19th of April. The event was celebrated in the former town by a public dinner. The extension of the line to Omagh will soon be commenced.

Waterford.

The trade of this port, as shown by the number of vessels which entered it during the past year, is greatly increased. The total number of vessels that entered during the year ending the 21st March was 2,179, being an increase of 280 vessels upon the previous year.—*Mail.*

The House of Mrs. Johanna Hely, Square, Dungarvan, was observed to be on fire about seven o'clock in the morning; most fortunately, every one of the neighbors were in attendance, and in the course of a few hours the flames were extinguished.

Mr. Redmond has been unanimously appointed printer to the following poor law unions for the year 1858; Waterford, Kilmacthomas, Dungarvan, Lismore, and Carrick.

On Easter Sunday, 4th April, all the turnpike toll gates in Ireland, so long an obnoxious impost, were abolished.

The works of the new bridge of Lismore are favorably progressing.

Wexford.

A young man named James Comerford was arrested under the vagrant act. He gave the following strange account of his antecedents: "I am a native of Roscrea, in the county Tipperary. I have no certain place of residence. Was in the Louth Militia for three months, but was lately discharged in Drogheda. Was twenty-eight times in gaol for *honesty*. I went by the name of M'Kellet, in Yorkshire; Joe Burn and Walker, in Leeds; and by Comerford, (my own name,) in Scotland. Was last in Kilmainham gaol." The prisoner being brought before the magistrates was sent to gaol for a month, making the 29th time of his being so incarcerated for "honesty."—*People.*

DR. CAHILL'S LETTER.

CAPTAIN HELSHAM AGAIN, AND THE SOUPERS OF KILKENNY.

The Catholics of Kilkenny, and indeed of Ireland, owe to Captain Helsham a debt of gratitude, which, although we may not be fully able to discharge, we shall always be prepared cheerfully to acknowledge. The readers of this journal recollect the association of Protestant gentlemen, formed in Kilkenny within the last two months, to protest against the unbecoming conduct of what is called "The Irish Mission" in that city. At a meeting of that association, representing the talent, the rank, the liberality of Protestant Kilkenny, Captain Helsham was moved to the chair; and on that occasion a respectful petition was forwarded to the Protestant Bishop of Kilkenny, calling on his lordship to remove this nuisance from amongst them; and the petition, signed by Captain Helsham, as chairman of the meeting, and as the High Sheriff of the city, appeared thus before the Bishop, both as a private parochial communication and as a public official document. Nothing could surpass the respectful courtesy, the temperate language of this petition; and the liberal feeling, and the cogent argument in which it was conveyed, cannot soon be forgotten by those who have read that remarkable production. The Bishop sent a reply, but no answer; he parried and avoided close conflict; and it is not denied by Dr. O'Brien's friends, that the association outstripped the Diocesan in Christian sentiment, social feeling, and sound argument. Some few Kilkenny critics (not bad judges too) even add, that the composition of the Bishop fails, in a rigid comparison, with the polished style and the correct taste of the Sheriff; and that *in polite literature* the "Doctor of Laws" seems to have a decided advantage over "the Doctor of Divinity."

The Association having obediently appeal

ed to ecclesiastical authority; and finding their appeal rejected, and the nuisance still continued, the next move made by Protestant Kilkenny, on the 25th of last March, has been carried out in a letter from the same quarter to the present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. This is a generous, a bold act; it is advancing in the scale of remonstrance; and it is a clear case that the Protestant gentlemen who have gone so far are not likely to stop even here, if their just request shall be refused. The determination which has urged them to go to the episcopal palace, which again has carried them to the Dublin Castle, will (it is said), if again checked and baffled, lead them, with a renewed vigor and decision, to the Parliament house; and if they are to be conquered, the defeat will only be gained by "the Mission" at the expense of exposure and shame before the British empire and the civilized world. Although the letter to Lord Eglinton has been already published in the *Catholic Telegraph*, there is one paragraph in that communication which ought to be repeated, in order to renew, as it were, the horror, the public horror, against a souper conduct which has long afflicted the Catholics of Ireland, and which has awakened the generous indignation of the Protestants of Kilkenny; the passage referred to it as follows:

"With every respect and deference, I shall lay before your Excellency a case which will illustrate the position in which this city is placed by the proceedings of the agents of the Irish Church Mission Society—one of the scenes which take place daily in the streets of our city. My Sub-Sheriff, a Protestant gentleman, a retired officer of her Majesty's service, married a Roman Catholic lady. They have two infant children. The mother has been for some time past in a delicate state of health and the children are suffering from scarletina. On yesterday afternoon some of these street-preachers placed themselves opposite the door of my Sub-Sheriff's house where his wife and children were lying on a bed of sickness, while he himself was employed on the business of the ensuing Quarter Sessions. The firebrands of the Irish Church Missions planted themselves opposite the door, and in stentorian voices shouted out their vile and blasphemous ribaldry against the Roman Catholic faith. For nearly an hour this work was carried on to the great annoyance and distress of those who were prostrated within by illness. It requires no great stretch of imagination or fancy to picture the torture of that gentleman's mind under such circumstances; his wife on a sick bed and his infants in fever. Throwing down his pen, no longer able to endure the annoyance to which he and his afflicted family were subjected, he rushed out of his house, and came to me to save his family from such unchristian persecution. I referred my Sub-Sheriff to the Mayor in whose presence his complaint was made, and his Worship declared that he could afford my Sub-Sheriff no protection however anxious he might be to do so, as the power of the magistracy has been completely paralyzed, as far as these ranters are concerned, by the acts of the late government."

Pending a reply from the Lord Lieutenant to the letter of the 25th of March, the public will be delighted to read an account of the concluding scene at the Kilkenny Quarter Sessions on Friday, the 2d of April. Here again, Captain Helsham, as High Sheriff of the city, introduces before the learned Chairman, a renewed remonstrance against the persevering insult, the goading slander, offered to the patient, unoffending Catholics of Kilkenny by the hired scum of this Missionary Society. If any one argument more forcible than another could be adduced to move the Lord Lieutenant to give his favorable attention to the Kilkenny remonstrance, that argument is to be found in view of the judicial proceedings of the late Quarter Sessions in that city. The official statement of the Barrister reports that there was no one in prison; there was no trial; the Grand Jury had nothing to do; and the Barrister received the remarkable memorial usual on such occasions—a pair of white gloves. This good conduct, this observance of the laws, is an unanswerable commentary on the petition of the Association, proving that the Catholics of Kilkenny deserve well from the Chief Governor of Ireland. This loyalty, this freedom from civil and civic crime and offence, should not be repaid by encouraging a set of men to parade the town in daily aggravated insult; followed by the police as a paid governmental guard to protect them in their diurnal rounds of sectarian rancor and stereotyped calumnies. The following extract from the *Kilkenny Moderator* of last Saturday will furnish additional proof of the laudable perseverance of Captain Helsham and his associates against the social disturbers of the "Irish Mission;" and it will, perhaps, convince Lord Eglinton of the necessity of suppressing a nuisance so offensive to the Catholics; so subversive to the public peace:

"The Chairman of the county, J. R. Corballis, Esq., Q.C., went into the court at two o'clock, when he was joined on the bench by the Mayor, T. Hart, D. Cullen, and J. Potter, Esqrs., borough justices, with Captain Helsham, High-Sheriff.

"The Assistant-Barrister, in delivering his charge, said he had in the first place to express his regret for the necessity of assembling them on this day—a day upon which all classes and denominations of Christians looked with respect, as that of the celebration of the great sacrifice to which all looked for the redemption of the world. However, the day having been fixed upon, he presumed by an oversight for holding quarter sessions in other counties as well as in this city, it became necessary to enter on the business of the day, as whilst we are in this world we must attend to the business which is appointed to be done. He should now refer to a subject for congratulation, not only to himself, and to the magistrates with him on the bench, but to the grand jury and all present—that was, that although the law required them, as a grand jury, to be sworn, in order to receive the complaints of any one who might wish to offer a bill of indictment, and to try if there was ground of complaint in such a case; now having gone through this formality he had great gratification in telling them that they had nothing to do—there was not a single bill to be sent to them, there was no prisoner in custody, and he had great pleasure in telling them that their duties were at an end.

"Captain Helsham then came forward, and, addressing his Worship, said, as High-Sheriff of this city, he had great pleasure in presenting a pair of white gloves, as an emblem of the want of crime in this community. And when it was considered that the city comprised a population of 23,000 to 24,000, of whom nine-tenths were Roman Catholics; and when they bore in mind that it was a garrison town, into which soldiers were frequently coming with evil habits contracted in various foreign countries, it was gratifying that that population had not been contaminated by evil communications, and the absence of any calendar for these sessions showed that there was no crime existing here. There was only one thing that he had to remark upon, and that was the systematic annoyances and insults to which not only Protestants were liable here, but the Roman Catholic inhabitants were particularly exposed to. The English nation must look upon us as idolators, or as worshippers of fire and Baal, rather than as Christians, or they would not establish a Missionary Society to send amongst us a set of vulgar and illiterate men, to shock the feelings of the inhabitants, and to make the name of a Missionary Society an insult, not only——

"The Barrister, interrupting Captain Helsham, said—Pray excuse me, but I think it is better to refrain from a topic of this kind.

"Captain Helsham said that as it was his Worship's wish he would pursue the subject no further, but he hoped he would permit him to present him with a pair of gloves, which, whenever he would look upon them, would remind him of the pleasing duty which he had performed of dismissing the grand jury without having any business for them to discharge. [He then presented a pair of white gloves embroidered with silver.]

"The Barrister said he hoped the High Sheriff would excuse him if he was unable to acknowledge the compliment in suitable terms; he would treasure the present to the last moment of his life as a memento of the occasion. It was, indeed, a fact of extreme gratification that in a city such as the High Sheriff had described, *no evidence of crime* existed, and he looked on the present he had received as a valuable testimonial, not of any merit in himself, for he had no share in producing such a result, but of the gratifying circumstances under which he had become connected with their city. He was sorry to hear any allusion to certain local disturbances, if he might call them so, arising from the expression of religious differences. All he would say on that subject was that he would appeal to all classes to reflect that it was not by controversial discussions, it was not by offering slights to the opinions of others, that converts were made; and if it were not stepping beyond his functions he would appeal to that Holy Book which contained those truths on which all based their faith, to show that never had our Redeemer, in any one instance recorded in that sacred volume, resorted to such means for conversion."

This energetic liberality and (I shall call it under the circumstances) this social courage on the part of Captain Helsham renders the greatest public service in two points of singular importance. It confirms the statements, the complaints already made in numberless instances against the irritating persecution of the Soupers: and it sets a noble example to the liberal Protestants of Ireland to shake off all connection with this degrading system of Proselytism; encouraging them to assume the position which belongs to their birth, their education, and their property, and to discharge the duties of Christian charity, religious toleration, and social friendliness towards their Catholic fellow-countrymen. The history of the last three hundred years stands an imperishable argument to prove that the system of bribery, slander, and persecution can never change the religion of Ireland. Let any man of common sense study and behold the means adopted for three centuries to Protestantize Ireland; and why, then, wonder at the permanent failure of this incongruous scheme. The plan, when stated in honest language, and without disguise, was this—it was undertaken to communicate divine faith by bribery, to spread divine revelation by perjury, to teach truth by lies, to awaken the voice of conscience by crushing out the last feeling of all moral principle, to encourage sanctity by palpable blasphemy, to worship God by the practice of admitted crime, and to engage the love of the Irish national heart for the new Gospel by the most refined cruelties of a relentless persecution. How can a man, a human being, a human soul be bribed into honor; be insulted into faith; be perjured into truth; be demoralized into virtue; be flogged into charity; or be reprobated into salvation? Religion cannot be propagated by the same means as conquests are made, nor can the Gospel be identified with scenes of national horror. Hence, in a mere worldly point of view, the failure of all past stratagems to change the faith of poor Ireland, founded on these monstrous promises. On the contrary, the clear, natural result of these immoral unchristian elements of machinery is to make their converts more irreligious than their Pagan ancestors; to accumulate vice as this teaching progresses, till, in its most advanced stages of moral turpitude, the soul ends in committing every crime, and in rejecting every truth enforced in the moral code, or professed in Christian revelation; that is to say, this teaching ends in the total demoralization of the conscience, and in the naked disbelief of Christianity. There is no proposition in Euclid, no truth in Mathematics, eliminated in a more rigid conclusion than this awful practical result from the monstrous premises just referred to. But the most singular feature of "this Mission" is, that the thing they preach and teach is neither the true Faith, nor the correct Gospel, nor even the just history of Christianity.

After upwards of three centuries of experiment to spread her Gospel on these principles, England has failed even to preserve her own congregation much less to receive reinforcements from other creeds. With Nobility, Royalty, Education, Talent, Power, and a yearly revenue of Eight-and-a-half Millions, England has failed—Scotland is Calvinist; the English manufacturing towns are Methodist; and her Capital is almost infidel. In the *City* of London, fifty persons (from official reports) is the average number of the parochial congregations on Sundays; and the report invites the curious reader to visit any one of the London City Churches, and *to see with his own eyes that a poor London Protestant tradesman or workman is never seen within their walls.* The reports on the Public National Morality state that crime is on the increase; the statistics on Education assert that the laboring classes are buried in unparalleled ignorance, and one sentence from a despatch of the late French Ambassador, the Count de Persigny, will be sufficient to express the idea which the Frenchman has formed of the Christian morality of the "reformed" Congregations of England:

"Besides 150,000 artizans unemployed there are at present immured in the poor-houses 51,585 persons of both sexes, of whom 10,000 are able to labor. The women in these poorhouses in the year 1856 gave birth to 12,770 illegitimate children. So much for the country which pretends to give civilization and improvement to the world."

Since the year 1846 the yearly Revenues of the "Irish Mission" to *convert* the Irish Catholics have been £39,000; that is within twelve years (see their report) they have expended £468,000 in this work of insult and religious slander; and the statement made by Captain Helsham in Kilkneny is the history of the Society; viz., a system of imposition and religious fraud, carried on against morality and the Christian Gospel, and resulting in failure and public contempt. System after system for centuries have thus commenced and ended; and all plans, one after the other, have only tended to weaken respect for the laws, to loosen the public faith in even the prominent truths of Christianity, and to lay the foundation, as it is in England, of an incurable Infidelity.

The Catholic writers and the Catholic clergy have never *volunteered* an attack on the Protestant belief, through its innumerable changes and inconsistencies: we have ever acted on *the defensive*, repelling the slanderous attacks on our ancient Faith. Even in this, our defensive character, we would fain lay down our pens and be silent—in order to live in peace and toleration with our Protestant fellow-countrymen; we would fain change our very national history, to make the rising generation forget the martyrdom of their fathers, the confiscation of the property of their ancestors. But when our poor people are goaded by incessant insult; when we behold sectarian malice demolish their cabins, bury their children in the poor-house, banish the remainder from their country, and kill them in *hundreds* of *thousands*, we would not be men, we would not be Catholics, we would not be their own flesh and blood, we *could not* be Irish Catholic Priests, if we did not come forward to defend the cause of God, of our flock, our family, our kindred, and our country, against a fiendish persecution, an infidel crusade which has no parallel in the history of the Christian world.

Captain Helsham, in his present career, will render a service to the cause of order, morality and the Gospel, far greater than he, perhaps, at present contemplates; and while he has the respect, the good wishes, the regard of all liberal Protestants, of all honorable men of all creeds and classes, I can assure him that he possesses in the eminent degree which he so well merits, the heartfelt respect and the ardent love of the Irish poor.

D. W. C.

Thursday, April 8th.

MONUMENT TO O'CONNELL IN DUNDALK.

Our cotemporary, the *Dundalk Democrat*, is solicitous that the people of Louth should possess a memorial of the illustrious Liberator. It remarks very truthfully that—

"The memory of the liberator of Ireland's altars will ever live in the hearts of our people. It will be as immortal in this island, as the faith which his great labors and giant intellect unchained. The present and all future generations will dwell with admiration on the stories of his achievements; and feel that gratitude for his faithful devotion to his native country which they entertain for the O'Neills, the Sarsfields, and the O'Donnells of days gone by.

* * * * *

"Ireland has cause to feel shame for thus neglecting the honor due to her noblest son. But although Dublin is apathetic, the same cannot be said of other parts of Ireland. Limerick has raised a noble statue to his memory. Kerry, his native county, is following this example. Ennis, which witnessed and participated in his victory at the Clare election of '28, is preparing to do him homage. Galway, which he said he could never understand, is engaged in a similar good work; and Waterford, true to its former fame, will show its respect for the great Tribune by dedicating a statue to his honor.

"Shall Dundalk refuse to emulate these southern towns and cities? Would the expense be too much for its resources? The cost of the Limerick statue was £1,000. Less than that sum would not pay for a monument suitable for Dundalk. But all the burthen would not be borne by the town. We might reasonably ask the entire of the counties of Louth, Monaghan, and Armagh to contribute to the fund; and we have no doubt, if the people take up the matter with a determination to bring it to a successful termination, that the full sum required would be in the treasurer's hands before the 1st of May, 1861.

"We could easily find a good site for the statue. The space of ground opposite St. Patrick's Church would be an admirable place to erect it. It was there O'Connell addressed a monster meeting in 1842. It was on that spot he again addressed a monster meeting in 1845, accompanied by Mr. Smith O'Brien, after he had been foully imprisoned for 100 days, by the verdict of a packet jury.

"Many a man on reading these remarks will smile at our simplicity or presumption, because they will imagine that we suggest a work which cannot be accomplished. Our reply is—'Where there's a will there's a way.' Let a meeting be held; a treasurer, committee, and secretary be appointed; let the committee appeal to the three counties we have named, and repeat their appeal next year, and the year after; let parish collections be made annually, and if the people respond heartily to the calls made upon them, the work will be accomplished and the statue erected."

There is another person to whom Louth owes a lasting debt of gratitude, and whose memory should be duly honored not only in that county but throughout all Ireland. We allude to Alexander Dawson, who, in 1826, at the head of the gallant forty shilling freeholders, wrested the county from out the grasp of an Orange faction, composed of the Rodens, Fortesques, and others of the same sort. The O'Connell monument need not be abandoned on the plea of one for Mr. Dawson. There is sufficient wealth in Louth, and let us hope patriotism, too, to effect both. As our friend Cartan observes—"Where there's a will there's a way."

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE MARSHAL DUKE OF MALAKOFF.—Marshal Pelissier was born at Maromme, a small village near Rouen, on the road to Havre, in 1794. The gallant marshal is, therefore, in his 65th year. He was brought up for the army; and in 1814 entered the military school at La Fleche as a student. In the following year, exactly two days before the return of Napoleon from Elba, he was attached to the artillery of the Garde Royal as sub-lieutenant; but the very next month was sent to the army of the Rhine as lieutenant in the 57th Regiment of the Line. On the return of the Bourbons he was placed on half-pay, but on the formation of the Corps d'Etat Major, he became a candidate for admission, and, after a severe examination, became a lieutenant d'Etat Major. Pelissier took a prominent share in the Spanish war as aide-de-camp to General Grundler, and his services throughout the campaign were rewarded with the knighthood of the Legion of Honor and the Spanish Order of St. Ferdinand. Some five years later he went to Greece, with the rank of captain and as aide-de-camp to General Durrieu. With the exception of the siege of Antwerp by the French, he was not engaged in active warfare until 1839, when he was promoted to a lieutenant colonelcy, and was sent out to Algeria as chief of the staff to General Schramm's division. He obtained his full colonelcy in the ensuing year, and won for himself the reputation of a daring but unscrupulous commander. The following anecdote is by one who served under his orders: A small fortress was being stormed by his regiment; but the Arabs met each onset of the assailants with so formidable a fire, that the latter at length fell back, and their officers were unable to bring them up again. Seeing this, Pelissier ordered some four or five of his officers to accompany him to the foot of the low mud wall which ran round the fort, and had himself thrown over it, into the midst of the enemy. This electrified his men, and in less than ten minutes the fort was in the hands of the French. The deplorable affair of the grottoes of the Dahara, in 1845, created great sensation in France. A tribe, whose name I do not remember, sought refuge against the invaders in a huge cavern, from whence they could not be dislodged. Pelissier wished to spare their lives, and offered them their liberty if they would give up their horses. They refused, upon which preparations were made for smoking them in. Faggots, damp straw, and grass were piled up close to the entrance of the cave, and fire was applied. A dense smoke immediately arose, and filled the grotto, from whence the frightful shrieks of women and children were heard by the French. On this Colonel Pelissier sent an officer with a flag of truce, to propose once more a surrender; but he was received by a murderous discharge. This sealed the doom of the wretched Arabs. More faggots and more straw was heaped upon the burning pile; the most heartrending yells continued for some time from the cave, but they soon gradually died off, and within an hour nothing was heard but the crackling of the flames. Next morning, when the French entered the cave, they found 500 bodies strewed about the ground. About 150 were still breathing; but most of them expired. The remainder of his career as a soldier is well known, and his Crimean triumphs too recent to require any recapitulation. The old veteran has been several times wounded, but his hearty old age shows no trace of debility or infirmity of any kind. Though his extreme corpulency somewhat diminishes his apparent stature, it has by no means impaired his brisk activity of gait. His snowy hair is unthinned, and the contrast at present with his piercing dark eyes and jet black eyebrows, gives a most striking aspect to his physiognomy, the predominant character of which is indomitable pluck and energy.

A TALE OF HORRORS.—An atrocious crime has just been perpetrated in Sziksza, in Hungary. A hawker who had long been in the habit of travelling about the country selling linen, stopped for that night at the house of a peasant. After taking his supper with his hosts, he retired to bed. In the middle of the night the wife awoke her husband, and proposed to him in go and murder the hawker, in order to get possession of his property. The husband positively refused, on which the woman, calling him a coward, went and plunged a large knife into the heart of the sleeping hawker. The husband then, by order of the wife, put the body into a sack and threw it into the river, while she set about removing all the marks of the blood. In the morning her son, a boy about five years of age, asked his mother for a piece of bread, when she took a knife to cut him a slice. Seeing this, the child cried out, "Do not cut it with that knife, for you used it to kill the hawker!" On this, the woman, fearing that her crime would be revealed by the child, seized hold of him and threw him into the oven. It so happened that on the very night of the murder the house of another person had been robbed of a quantity of meat, and the owner had been prowling about in search of the thief. In passing near the house of his neighbor, he smelt an extraordinary odor of something burning, and gave an alarm. While persons were entering the house to search for the cause of the smell, the mother pulled out the consumed body of the child from the oven, and endeavored to carry it away in her apron, but one of the feet was seen protruding, and the whole affair was discovered. The peasant and his wife were arrested, and the woman made a full confession of her guilt.

ORSINI'S LAST LETTER TO NAPOLEON III.—*Sire*—Your Imperial Majesty having permitted that my letter written to you on the 11th of February should be produced for public comment, whilst it is a clear proof of your generosity, shows me also that the prayers which I have offered on behalf of my country find a response in your own heart; and to me, however near I may be to death, it is certainly no small consolation to see how your Imperial Majesty is moved by genuine Italian feelings. In a few hours I shall cease to be, and so before drawing my last vital breath I wish it to be known—and I desire it with the frankness and courage which up to this day I have never belied—that assassination, in whatever garb it may be disguised, does not enter amongst my principles, although by a fatal error of mind I have allowed myself to be led on to organize the attempt of the 14th of January. No! political assassination was not my system, and I combatted it at the risk of my own life, both in my writings and by my public acts, when a governmental mission placed me in a situation to do so; and my compatriots, far from putting faith in the system of assassination, let them reject it altogether, and hold it aloof, and let them know, even by the voice of a dying patriot, that their redemption must be won by their own self-denial, by constant unity in their efforts and sacrifices, and by the exercise of true virtue—gifts which are now budding in the young and active portion of my fellow-countrymen, and gifts which alone will be able to make Italy free, independent, and worthy of that glory which our ancestors have made illustrious. I die. While I do so with calmness and dignity, I wish that my memory may not be left stained with any crime. As for the victims of the 14th of January, I offer my own blood as an atonement, and I beg the Italians, when some day they are independent, to give a worthy compensation to all those who have suffered any injury from it. Let your Imperial Majesty permit me, in the last place, to beg you to spare the life, not of myself, but of the two accomplices who were condemned to death with me. I am, with the profoundest respect, &c., FELICE ORSINI.

A PARISH PRIEST'S LAST ADIEU TO HIS PARISHIONERS.—The Rector of St. Elci, at Orleans, seeing his dissolution approach, wished to address his flock for the last time. He therefore caused himself to be conveyed to the church, and to be placed in a chair before the altar, which he had served for more than half a century; and then addressed his parishioners in the following terms: "Dear children, you are about to lose your pastor; my hour is come. I am soon to return to our common Lord and Master, to give Him an account of my parish. I hope and trust in His great mercy. After working so long among you, whom I have always borne in my heart, I confide there is not one that will refuse to recommend my soul to mercy, after I am taken from you. If you all join with one mind and one heart, God will have compassion upon me; and when the Lord shall have heard your prayers, and granted your petition, rest assured that I will not forget you. I will say to Him, My God! the favor you have done me is, I allow, very great, but, to make it complete, extend the same to my people. However happy I feel in Thy presence, something will be wanting to my complete felicity till all that you have given me be permitted to participate in the same happiness with me. My dear children, I beg of you so to live as to render my prayer effectual." Here the good rector was interrupted by the sighs and tears of his auditory. Catching the tender impulse, he joined his tears with theirs; and being unable to proceed, he was conveyed back through the crowded ranks of his melting congregation to his own apartments, where he soon after sweetly slept in the Lord. His memory was held in benediction, and the fame of his good actions long survived him. The old men who had remembered him in their youth, were accustomed to encourage each other to meet death with resignation, and even joy, saying: "you are going to join our good rector!"

SPAIN.—The *Madrid Gazette* contains a long report from the Minister of the Interior to the Queen, which, after stating in general terms that the maintenance of order is necessary for the preservation of liberty and commercial prosperity, declares that it is indispensable to establish a general direction of Public Safety, and promises that its powers shall be exercised paternally. A royal decree enacts that such a direction shall be established; that it shall be composed of functionaries of the Department Imperial. Another decree, for the preservation of Public Safety in the capital, orders that a battalion of infantry and two squadrons of cavalry shall be formed, under the name of the "Urban Guard of Madrid," and that whilst the organization and discipline of the said guard shall be under the control of the Minister of War, the Minister of the Interior shall direct the manner in which it shall be employed.

A DELICATE QUESTION.—A legal question of a delicate nature is now exciting extraordinary interest in Westphalia—viz., whether a husband has a right to open his wife's letters. The question arose out of a suit for divorce, instituted by the husband, in which he obtained a decree; but the conclusive piece of evidence was a letter from the Lotharia, addressed to the wife, and the contents of which would never have been known had not the husband been so ungallant as to break the seal. The divorced wife at once prosecuted him for opening the letter, and the tribunal of Unne has decided that he was wrong, and has sentenced him to a fine of ten thalers. An appeal is pending, the result of which is anxiously watched by the public.

EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDE.—Our correspondent at Pau, South of France, says the *Waterford News*, mentions the occurrence there of an event, extraordinary in its nature and disastrous in its result. On Saturday evening, the 20th March, a gentleman who, in consequence of occasional fits of aberration of intellect, had been accompanied by a valet, whilst walking home from the Park, took advantage of the momentary inattention of his companion, and jumped over the parapet of the promenade terrace of the Chateau of Henry IV., a descent of more than one hundred feet, and, singular to relate, stood up after falling into the street and walked to the Hotel de France apparently unhurt, remarking when encountered below, that "he had forgotten his parasol above," which he laid out of his hand when mounting the wall! This remarkable part of the story is all the more singular because of the gentleman's age, 74 winters having left their silver traces on his abundant locks, but he appeared to be in the possession of excellent health, and 15 or 20 years' life. The wall over which he threw himself, about midway down is covered with briers, which eased the severity of the fall, but although he sustained no outward injury, internally he must have received severe wounds, for he died that night at the hotel, not before, however, "he had lived long enough," as he himself remarked, "to see that he had committed a great piece of folly," and earnestly prayed for God's forgiveness. Loss of sleep was believed to be the cause of the last insane attack of this gentleman. The deceased was named Louis Jean Baptiste Lay, a very wealthy unmarried gentleman, 74 years of age, a native of St. Domingo, but for many years a resident in Europe, well conversant with the French language, in which he always spoke.

THE GREATEST BATTLE FOUGHT BY NAPOLEON.—Some one having asked Napoleon which was the greatest battle that he had fought, he replied, "It was difficult to answer that question without inquiring what was meant by the greatest battle. Mine cannot be judged of separately: they formed a portion of extensive plans. They must therefore be judged of by their results. The battle of Marengo, which was so long undecided, procured for us the command of all Italy. Ulm annihilated a whole army; Jena threw the whole Prussian monarchy into our hands; Friedland opened the Russian empire to us; and Eckmuhl decided the fate of a war. The battle of the Moskwa was one in which the greatest talent was displayed, and by which the fewest advantages were obtained. Waterloo, where everything failed, would, had it succeeded, have saved France, and given peace to Europe."

SIZE OF THEATRES.—An Italian journal gives the comparative size of the various large lyrical theatres of Europe. The old theatre at Parma is the largest in the world. Then comes the San Carlo at Naples; then La Scala (Milan); then Her Majesty's Theatre, London; then the Carlo Felice at Genoa; then the Pagliano at Florence; then the theatre at Moscow; then the Theatre Royal, Turin; and, finally, the Grand Opera at Paris. Those who are curious in such matters know that some of the largest theatres are more suitable for the human voice than those of smaller dimensions. The architect of a theatre should build in such a way as to make sound travel. The ancients paid great attention to this necessity; in our own day, how to accommodate the largest number of persons in the most uncomfortable amount of space seems to be the only object in view.

HAPPINESS, TRUE AND FALSE.—True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self; and in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions; it loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows; in short, it feels everything it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in courts and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and has no existence but when she is looked upon.—*Addison.*

HOW CORN IS PRESERVED IN RUSSIA.—At a late meeting of the Academy of Sciences, held in Paris, a letter from M. de Semeboff—a Russian landholder—was read, describing the manner in which corn pits are made in that country. The pit is dug in a dry soil, and instead of masonry the sides are hardened by long continued exposure to a wood fire. Before the corn is introduced, the air in the pit is rarified by burning some straw in it, after which the grain is thrown in, packed close, and the pit tightly enclosed. Corn has been preserved in such pits for forty years. Some of our American farmers, who raise large crops of wheat and corn, should try this method of preserving grain during years when there is a great yield, in order to lay up a store for seasons of an inferior yield.

WHAT IS FASHION?—It is a deformed little monster, with a chameleon skin, bestriding the shoulders of public opinion; a beautiful envelope for mortality, presenting a graceful and polished exterior, the appearance of which gives no certain indication of the real value of what is contained therein. Though weak in itself, like most other despots, it has gradually usurped a degree of power that is irresistible, and prevails in various forms over the whole habitable earth. It is the greatest tyrant in the world.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—In the year 1844, a native of Arbroath took passage on board a steamer at Liverpool to proceed to Scotland. Soon after the steamer left the dock gates, a young lady accidentally fell overboard, and was rescued from a watery grave by our Scotch friend, who, jumping overboard with a life-preserver, brought her safely on board the steamer. During the passage she was asked what recompense she intended making her preserver, when she modestly replied that all she could do was to bestow him her hand, but, much to her grief, she was informed that he was a married man. After a lapse of about 14 years, 10 of which she had been living with a brother in New York, Miss —— felt inclined to return to Scotland, and, on her arrival, immediately set to work to find out her kind benefactor, which she succeeded in doing; and finding him to be a widower, at once offered him her hand and heart, which was accepted, and we understand the wedding is to take place in May next.—*Montrose Review.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST FOUR POPES.—This volume is the latest production of Cardinal Wiseman's elegant and facile pen; and though it may not satisfy every one, there can be no doubt that it will delight all those who shall peruse it. The writer presents it as a piece of history—"so much of a great moving picture as caught one person's eye, and remained impressed upon his memory;" and he pledges his character to the sincerity of his views and the correctness of his statements. It is impossible to read his work without believing in its fidelity, always presupposing a perhaps unconscious bias on the part of the author.—*London Observer.*

A NOVEL APPLICATION OF CHLOROFORM.—Dr. Hane Zocher has discovered, by means of the sleep produced by chloroform, the deception practiced by a pretended mute, who attempted to quarter himself upon the cantonal hospital at Munsterlingen during the winter under this pretence. A full dose of chloroform betrayed his power of speech; his involuntary vociferation was of the most distinct and articulate character.

A LITERARY DISCOVERY.—M. de Chatelain, the translator of the "Canterbury Tales" into French, has just discovered, in the library of Arsenal, at Paris, the original of the "Squire's Tale," which Milton calls the story of "Cambuscan bold." The poem is twice as long as the "Iliad," since it extends to 30,000 lines.

At a recent sale of autographs at Paris, the following letter, addressed to Robespierre, excited no little interest: "Since the beginning of the revolution I have been in love with you, Citizen! But I was married, and knew how to control my passion. To-day I am free—my husband has fallen in La Vendee: I'll give to you this declaration in the face of the Supreme Being. It is no easy task for a woman to make such a confession; but paper is patient; you are my supreme deity, and on earth I know none beside you. I look upon you as my guardian angel, and will only live under your laws. If you are free, I will be yours for life. I am twenty-two years old, and have a feeling soul: I offer to you as dowry the qualities of a true republican and 40,000 livres rente. I am waiting for your answer. Veuve Jacquin, at Nancy. *Poste restante.* I say *poste restante* from fear that my mother might scold me for my giddiness." The issue of this love affair is not known.

The returns of births, marriages, and deaths in Scotland for 1857, has just been published. They show that there were registered in that year 103,628 births, 61,929 deaths, and 21,814 marriages, being one birth in every 29, one death in every 49, and one marriage in every 143 of its inhabitants. The birth rate, which was thus 338 for every 10,000 of the population in Scotland, was in the same year 343 for every 10,000 in England. Of the births in Scotland the proportions of the sexes were 943 females for every hundred males. The deaths were in the proportion of 202 for every 10,000.

Paris is about to have a street which, in length and splendor, will far exceed the Rue de Rivoli and all the Boulevards put together. It is to run parallel and close to the fortifications of Paris, and will consequently cover a distance of ten leagues. There is nothing like it in the world.

The Dutch Custom House officers at Rosendael, recently, seized a quantity of lace to the value of 200 florins, which a lady coming by the railway from Antwerp had concealed under her crinoline. The anxiety depicted on her countenance is said to have betrayed her.

The Austrian government have declined taking any notice of the students of Padua, to the number of 800, having gone to hear a Mass, at the conclusion of which they struck up the *De Profundis*, which, it was well understood by everybody, was for Orsini.

The *Nord* of Brussels, whose Paris correspondents dabble a good deal in official waters, gives prominence to the news that military preparations are being urgently pressed on in all the greater ports of France. Marseilles and Toulon are particularly active.

Lablache's collection of snuff boxes is coming to the hammer. They amount to hundreds, and bear imperial, royal, princely, ducal, literary and lady fair effigies, brilliant in diamond, pearl, malachite, lapis lazuli, or humble horn.

A dispute has occurred at Jerusalem between the British Consul and the Bishop of the Anglican Church, which ended in the Consul's placing the Bishop under arrest.

A subscription is on foot, says a Chambury journal, to provide suitable education and dowry for the orphan daughters of Orsini.

HOME MISCELLANY.

News From the West Indies.—We have Kingston papers to the 7th April, inclusive. Intelligence has been received of a horrible massacre by the Indians in British Honduras, in which there were no less than one hundred and four victims and forty others taken prisoners, whose fate up to the date of the intelligence was uncertain. The particulars, as related by one who was present, go to show that Bacular, a town about a day's journey from Corosal, was taken by the Indians on the 24th March, when a hundred and four persons were killed in the assault and forty taken prisoners. As soon as the news reached Corosal, three or four gentlemen started for the place, and one of them, a Mr. Blake, returned almost immediately, stating that the Indians would ransom their prisoners for $4,000. Considerable exertion was immediately put forward, and in two days the amount was raised, $2,500 in cash and the balance in goods, such as are required by the Indians. The stipulation was placed in the hands of the Indian commandant, who promised that he would treat further on the following day; but at midnight on the 31st the whole Indian force was called on to consult their oracle, when it was finally determined that $4,000 must be paid down for the female prisoners alone, and $3,000 more for the males, or they must be led forth to execution. Thirty women and eleven men were then led forth, and their screams ringing in the ears of the English, who wished if possible to save them, were inhumanly killed—literally hacked to pieces. The superintendent sent Capt. Anderson and another gentleman with a letter to the Indian commandant supplicating mercy for the unfortunates, but his messengers and letter were treated with contempt.

Presentation.—Messrs. P. T. Brown, M. Consadine, C. Neaubaur, J. J. Cobalen, R. A. Griffith, J. T. Enright, D. Carroll, C. Moyer, T. Gray, and C. V. McKinley, clerks and employees at the Post Office under Judge Corkery's administration, waited on the Judge at his residence on yesterday, and presented him with a beautiful gold snuff-box as a mark of their appreciation and esteem. The Judge was much affected at this unexpected sortie and especially when the denouement was made. The box is a beautiful specimen of workmanship handsomely chased; is 20 carats fine, weighs 42 pennyweights, and cost $100. Messrs. Wilson & Minshal executed the work for the donors, and it speaks well for their good taste and skill. The following inscription has been engraved on this pretty tribute:

Presented to
CHARLES CORKERY, ESQ.,
on his retiring from the office of
Post Master of Dubuque,
BY THE CLERKS IN HIS EMPLOY,
as a mark of their esteem.

The scene was one which all parties will long remember, as all were exhilarated with the pleasure and incidents of the occasion. At the close of the friendly reunion, in a cup of ruby wine each pledged the other reciprocal joys and pleasure, and then departed to their various avocations. That exquisite gift and the memories connected, we wot will be stored away and cherished by the Judge as long as he remains on this foot-stool of the Jehova.—*Dubuque Daily North West of the 16th April.*

Murder Trial Extraordinary.—A scene unparalleled in the history of criminal jurisprudence, as we learn from the *Family Friend*, was witnessed in one of the South Carolina courts. It was the trial of fifty-four persons for murder. The prisoners had organized themselves into a vigilance committee for the purpose of abating a nuisance in the neighborhood in the shape of a low grog shop, kept by a man known as Ack Windham, whose principal customers were negroes. The committee obtained a promise of Windham to cease the nefarious traffic, but the promise he did not keep, but instead thereof laid in a stock of three barrels of whiskey. These the committee resolved to destroy, and, approaching the place, gave notice to that effect. Windham had assembled an armed party in defence of his "rights," one of whom fired upon the invaders, after which a general battle ensued, during which the whiskey defenders were conquered, the whiskey itself demolished, and one of the allies of Wiudham killed while in the act of stabbing one of the opposite party. The committee and their friends—fifty-four in number—were put on trial for murder. The jury rendered a verdict of "not guilty."

Punishment of a Wood Thief.—In the depths of a hard winter's night in Northern New York, a gentleman heard a big noise at a wood pile, and sallying forth found a man just leaving, dragging a sled on which were a few sticks purloined from the pile. The thief was overtaken and begged for mercy, avowing that his family was freezing. "Come back, you rascal, with that sled," said the owner of the wood; and the culprit dragged it back to the pile and began to unload. "Stop that, you rascal, and put on a sled full!" said the owner of the wood, and after piling the sled to its full capacity, added: "Now pull, pull, you scamp!" The culprit could scarcely start the load, but, by the application from the switch and an oath or two from the rough, but good-natured owner, the load was got under way, and for half a mile, with snow knee deep, was the culprit forced to a dog trot, until he reached the door of his fireless cabin, ready to fall down from the labor of hauling the load. "There," said the owner, "you scoundrel, I'll teach you to steal my wood; next time, ask me for wood!" That was justice tempered with mercy.

A Religious Monomaniac.—The Parke County (Indiana) *Republican* relates the following incident as having occurred in the village of Rockville, in that State: "Mr. Aaron Stewart, late a citizen of Boone County, but for some five months a citizen of our town, has been in a state of depression of spirits for about two months. Religious excitement seems to have overpowered his reason, and on Monday night, after the return of himself and wife from church, he conceived the idea that the Scriptures required him to sacrifice his right hand and other members of his body, under the penalty of eternal punishment. He at once left the house without making known his object, and, first perpetrating dangerous wounds upon his person with a knife, he next proceeded with an axe to cut off his right hand. After striking several blows, ranging from the centre of the hand to some inches above the wrist joint, and severing the hand from the arm, except some of the tendons, he walked to the door, fell into it, and fainted."

Saw the Elephant.—A gentleman who does the agreeable in a locality not a thousand miles distant from Genesee street bridge, went down to New York the other day, says the Utica *Telegraph*, to transact some business, and have a splurge generally, unknown to his religious and temperance friends. He reached the city in good order, top side up with care; went to a hotel, ordered a room, and booked his name with a flourish that would do credit to a person affected with tremors. Having arranged his matters satisfactorily, he went out to see the fun; fell in with a friend; took a drink, then another, followed by another, and continued the elevating process until he became obfuscated completely, and was finally laid out dead drunk by his friend. Upon awaking, he was slightly stupid from the effects of the submerging his stomach had undergone, but soon recovered sufficiently to discover the loss of his wallet, gold watch, chains, and pencil.

Immense Amount of Money on Deposit in this Country.—In the Banks of the four great cities in this country, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and New Orleans, there was last week on deposit no less than one hundred and twenty-eight and a quarter millions of dollars, an increase on the previous week of nearly two millions of dollars. This does not show any great revival of business in the country at large. In Boston, previous to the late financial crisis, the amount on deposit in the various banks of the city was not much over fourteen millions of dollars; it is now twenty and a half millions. The specie in the banks of the four cities last week was fifty-seven millions five hundred thousand dollars; the previous week fifty-five millions eight hundred thousand dollars—an increase of a million and a half in one week. In Boston, within the past six months, the amount of specie in the banks has about doubled.—*Boston Traveller of April* 17.

A Naval Fete.—A letter from Havana gives a glowing description of a ball given on board of the ship of the line Isabel II. on the night of April 11th. The illumination of the vessel from deck to the main top, and of the navy yard, with the continuous arched ways leading to the ship, was perfect, the decorations gorgeous and profuse, and the company embracing all the wealth and beauty we can boast. The value of the diamonds blazing in the crowd was immense, said to be counted by millions of dollars. The only fault was the impossibility of seeing or individualizing. You could not approach a friend except by casualty in the moving mass, to reach any particular object of attraction except floated to it amid lace and brilliants. All the vessels of war in the vicinity were illuminated, and the show upon the bay and shore was a brilliant confusion—decoration and light realizing all the fancy of Eastern legends and story—a night scene of poetry without a rival in the world.

Abolition of Slavery in the Dutch West Indies.—The last arrival from Jamaica brought a draught of the provisional law for the abolition of slavery in the Dutch West Indies, liberating 50,000 negro slaves in Surinam. The Kingston *Journal* heartily approves of its provisions, regarding them as designed to avoid the social, commercial and political difficulties in which the British West Indian Colonies became involved by the general emancipation some years ago. Indemnity is made to the slave owners in proportion to the ages of the slaves. All children under five years to be unconditionally free. The emancipated are not to become the unrestricted owners of their own time and labor. They are subject to certain orders, which they may release themselves from by repaying to the government the amount of their freedom money. All are compelled to contribute to a fund for education, nursing the sick, and the relief of the poor and aged.

Collision between the United States Steamer Powhatan and a Dutch Ship.—By a private letter from our correspondent on board of the Powhatan, dated February 1st, we learn that that steamer, while leaving St. Helena for Cape Town, on the night of the 30th of January, came into collision with the Dutch ship Stad Eechede, bound to Amsterdam. The accident was unavoidable, owing to the darkness of the night, and the injury done the Dutchman considerable. He lost all of his head booms, including the bowsprit, while the Powhatan's quarter boat had her bottom ripped out, and the ship herself a pretty severe scraping along her quarter. She returned to her anchorage and sent her boats to the assistance of the crippled ship, when, after a detention of nearly two days, she proceeded on her passage to the Cape. Officers and crew all well.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Untold Wealth.—Most everybody in California has heard of the Allison quartz claim, located in Grass Valley. It is owned by five brothers, and is, beyond question, the richest claim in the known world. Two of the brothers passed through town yesterday, having in their possession $60,000 in gold dust, being the monthly product of their mill. Within three months, the partners have taken to the San Francisco Mint $150,000, all of which lies in the government vault, where it will remain until they require it, but not one dollar of their immense wealth is invested beyond what is demanded for carrying on business at the mill.—*Sacramento Bee of April* 1.

Mexican Intrigues.—We see it stated in an exchange, that before the fall and flight of Comonfort, some Californians, advocates of territorial and slavery extension, had made arrangements with him, as the chief executive of Mexico, whereby they were to open up and develope the resources of Sonora, and in return to have half of all the land they should survey. This is probably only a new version of the matter fished up several months ago from the Californian papers, respecting the Sonora Mining and Colonization Company. Though Comonfort has fallen, the American parties want to make believe that the scheme is still good, and it is partly to hurry its success that Senator Gwin, who is said to be concerned in it, is stimulating the organization of Arizona.

Slaving for Money.—We pity the man who wears out his energies in the accumulation of riches, which, when amassed, he will have lost the capacity to enjoy. He finds himself at the end of his labors a guest at his own feast, without an appetite for its dainties. The wine of life is wasted, and nothing remains but the lees. The warm sympathies of his heart have been choked by the inexorable spirit of avarice, and they cannot be resuscitated. The fountain head of his enthusiasm is sealed; he looks at all things in nature and in art with the eye of calculation; hard matter-of-fact is the only pabulum his mind can feed on; the elastic spring of impulse—the poetry of existence is gone. The only rational way to live is to mix labor with enjoyment.

Progress.—A watch manufactory has been established in Waltham, Mass., where the separate parts of a watch are stamped out by machinery, and are made so exactly alike, that parts of one watch will fit the works of a thousand other watches of the same size, and in repairing new parts without deranging the other works. The jewels are bored by hand, and the corresponding pivots fitted to them by females. The simplest kind of lever watch, without the fusee, is the form adopted, and they can turn out about ten thousand per annum. It is said that better machinery for a watch will ere long be made for $5, than was made fifty years ago for $150.

An Early Harvest.—The Chicago *Daily Press* says: "We find by consulting our files that on the 27th day of June, 1857, fifty bushels of new barley from Southern Illinois were sold in the Cincinnati market; and we learn further that by the 4th of July the wheat harvest had fairly commenced in Union and adjoining counties. That was early, but judging from present indications, the harvest in that section of our State will commence at least a week or two earlier the present season. Winter wheat has already attained a very strong growth, and we should not be surprised if the first offerings of Egypt should be made by the middle of June."

Singular Affair.—A woman named E. Weeks died suddenly at South Weymouth, on Saturday, April 3d, after a short illness from canker. After death the body remained warm and color would occasionally appear in the cheeks. On Monday the body was interred in a tomb instead of a grave, and on the supposition that she was not dead many have visited the tomb.

The Island of Cuba.—There are sixty seaports in Cuba, and last year there were 3,580 coastwise arrivals, and 3,659 clearances. This will give some idea of the trade of this beautiful island, which is not more than half cultivated.

Lime is most valuable when applied to new land. It decomposes the roots, and subdues it sooner than anything else, whilst it forms a valuable constituent in the soil. As a manure it is unsurpassed in new land. It takes the sourness out of it, and by the decomposition of the roots and other substances makes a vegetable manure. From fifteen to twenty-five bushels to the acre makes a good dressing, and where it is so cheap as at this place, it is one of the most economical manure which can be used. We have heard of lime being placed around large stumps for the purpose of taking them out. This has proved very successful.—*Exchange paper.*

The towing of boats on the Erie canal is done in part by horses that are taken along with the boats, and partly by towing companies who keep their horses at stations about twelve miles apart along the whole length of the canal. There are three of these towing companies, and they employ about 1,400 horses. They have found, after great experience, that the most economical and best feed for their horses is a mixture composed of equal parts, by measure, of corn meal and mill feed, (bran or shorts weighing about twenty pounds to the bushel) mixed up with wet cut hay, and they accordingly feed this altogether.

The Legislature of Massachusetts have repealed the prohibition against theatrical exhibitions on Saturday evening in that State. The act goes into effect immediately.

It is said that Governor Gilmer, of Georgia, had a passion for buying all sorts of old iron truck, broken-down wagons, and such rubbish, which he had piled up in the yard, under the impression that it would come into use some time or other. It annoyed his wife excessively; and one day, when the Governor was away from home, she had the whole pile carted off to auction. It so happened that just as the auctioneer had put up the lot the Governor was riding by, and buy it he would; for, as he looked at it, he declared that he had a lot at home in which there were several things to match. He bid ten dollars, and the whole concern was knocked down to him. A few days afterwards he was admiring Mrs. Gilmer's new bonnet, and asking its cost, she said, "Ten dollars, husband; the same ten you paid for your old iron, and if you don't clear it out of the yard, I shall sell it again!" The Governor shortly after that retired from the iron business.

A queer genius has just died in the Ohio Penitentiary, after being confined three years for killing a man in a drunken frolic. Around the body of the corpse was found a thick, heavy leathern belt, which contained one hundred and sixty half-dollars and forty-six cents in silver change. The poor fellow has carried this load about him canstantly for years, for fear of being robbed. The money has been earned by him by "over-work" while in prison.

One of a span of horses belonging to Elisha Durfee, that was ploughing on the brink of Fenner's Ledge lately, missed his footing and fell over, and was held in suspension over a precipice of seventy feet by his comrade in the harness until assistance arrived from this city, when the animal was drawn up to terra firma, without experiencing the least injury from the perilous adventure.—*Providence Journal.*

The State of Vermont has appropriated two thousand dollars for a monument to Ethan Allen, to be erected over his remains lying in Green Mount Cemetery, Burlington, Vermont; the corner stone of which it is proposed to lay on the 10th day of May next, being the 83d anniversary of the surprise and capture of Ticonderoga. It is proposed to add a colossal statue of the old hero by private subscription.

Never trouble others with the recital of your misfortunes; communications of this description are never pleasing, and, at all events, sympathy cannot counteract the decrees of fate; and, moreover, if you are given to such disclosures, you will be dubbed "knight of rueful countenance"—a personage who is no favorite at convivial meetings, or, indeed, anywhere.

Is it not a notorious fact that while the laws of God and of a sound morality declare the oneness of the husband and wife, the laws of the State are every year tending to destroy this unity, and to make them as distinct and as independent of each other as possible? When divided interests are encouraged by the legislature why should not divorces multiply?

The Boston *Gazette* says: "In Boston it costs more to live than in New York, for there is an awful fear of 'what Mrs. Grundy may say,' and to keep up external appearances, inside comfort is very much neglected. A person can live cheaper in Paris than in Boston. Meats and vegetables are higher in Boston than in any city of the Union."

The conductor between Syracuse and Buffalo the other day was rather staggered when a woman with six children around her offered a single ticket. But the lady assured him they were all under six years of age, and he accordingly passed them as lap-passengers. The mother was a Yankee emigrating to Illinois.

When Gen. Jackson was President he several times took very bold and untrod ground, and his leading friends often hesitated to follow him, but one remarkable fact should be remembered; the *people* were with him. It was only the politicians who hesitated through timidity. Where the people will follow it is safe to lead.

Never get into a passion because others will not agree with you in opinion; you are not infallible, and, moreover, diversity of opinion is the very life and soul of conversation; at the same time, we confess there are some dogmatists who never speak "rhyme nor reason," and who sadly try the temper.

In Oregon, men get from $40 to $120 per month in lumbering establishments, and from $40 to $50 on farm. Carpenters get from $4 to $6 per day. Flour from $12 to $16 per bbl. Beef from $8 to $15 per 100 lbs. Pork $10 per cwt. Potatoes $1 25 per bushel.

Six barks are now preparing at Chicago to make voyages to Liverpool. Last year one, and the first—made this voyage, and seemingly with success, or others would not be induced to follow the example this year.

After asking your name in the State of Arkansas, the natives are in the habit of saying in a confidential tone: "Well, now what were yer name before yer moved to these parts?"

Governor Weller, of California, recommended the appointment of a night watch, to guard the State Treasury *while the Legislature is in session!*

It is said to be the intention of the administration, if the Territory of Arizona is organized, to appoint Gen. Sam. Houston Governor.

The Pacific Railroad Bill has been killed for this session, the U. S. Senate having postponed it to December next.

A proposition has been started in St. Louis to erect a monument to the memory of the late Col. Benton in that city.

NEW YORK TABLET.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

D. & J. SADLIER & CO.,

At the Office, 164 *William Street*,

NEW YORK.

Terms:

Single Copies.....6 cents.
Mail Subscribers per Annum, in advance.....$2 50
Served by Carrier..... 3 00
Five Copies (to one address)..... 8 00
Ten " " 15 00

Larger Clubs in proportion.

If sent separately, 20 cents per copy extra will be charged for writing each subscriber's name on his paper.

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NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1858.

Mr. Bernard Doran Killian's connection with the TABLET ceased with the number for the week ending April 24th.

SNAKES IN THE GRASS.

MANIFOLD are the snares laid to entrap the youth of this country. The precociousness of the prey, the want of fixed moral or religious principles on their part, make them but too prone to rush into the toils of the ensnarer. But of all the traps by which youth is here environed, none there is more artful or more sure than those set by the loose and poisoned pens of those who fabricate what are commonly styled "thrilling tales," or "sensation stories." The meshes of those trappers of the youthful soul are principally spread in the columns of a class of hebdomadal publications which, for the most part—and as if to make the sin more heinous—appear on the morning of that day which God's commandment enjoins us to remember and keep holy.

In these publications, however, such pernicious fictions are not the only important features. Such portions of their columns as are not filled up by puffs, political or commercial, more or less elaborately conceived, are devoted to advertisements whose cynical indecency would disgust any one not completely inured to vice and blunted to all feeling of shame by long familiarity with the artifices of corruption.

Other sheets there are, whose sole reason of existence lies in the publication of the baneful trash to which we have alluded. The sweepings of police courts, the reeking annals of murder and violence, the filthy records of the prison and the penitentiary are ransacked for plots and incidents. A certain decency of expression sometimes clothes these creations; but, while the eye of the body glances over the mere expression, the eye of the mind pierces the gauze of words and sees but too clearly through the thin disguise the real wickedness of the idea.

These "sensation stories" are principally addressed to the female portion of the American public, and especially intended for the perusal of silly, romantic, inexperienced and ignorant girls, between the ages of fifteen and twenty. Working girls, for the most part, weak, young creatures, unguided by the counsels of parental care, unchecked by parental authority, undirected by the beacon of an inextinguishable faith, they are surely and swiftly corrupted, and, when the tempter comes, he finds an easy, too often a willing prey.

The liberty of the Press is one of the stereotyped boasts of our stump orators and buncombe journalists, but if liberty be synonymous with the right to undermine public morals and darkly assassinate youthful virtue, we say, unhesitatingly, that the Law should step in and throw its protecting ægis before the youth of the country. Outrages against public morals, in the shape of publications, whether works of fiction or otherwise, are punished in other countries. It would be well if, also in the United States, the limits of the writer's freedom were the boundaries of religion and morality, and that they who pass those boundaries, however covert their offence, however cunningly it may be disguised, should come within the grasp of the law. A crusade is undertaken against gift enterprises which only part fools and their money, why is not war waged against those who filch from adolescence the priceless jewel of an immortal soul?

The Catholic Press in the United States has heretofore been ever watchful in keeping its pages free from all matter of a doubtful tendency. Fathers could place the Catholic newspaper in the hands of their children with the certainty that the fictions it contained were pure from every taint, that nothing could creep into its columns which was not calculated to elevate, direct and fortify the tender mind. It is with the deepest regret, therefore, that we see a disposition on the part of certain journals, calling themselves Catholic, to make their columns the medium of introducing into Catholic homes specimens of "thrilling" literature. That those whose maxim it is to make money honestly if possible, but at all events to make it—who care not what wrecks of honor, honesty, innocence and truth they leave on their path to wealth—that such persons, we say, should foist these baneful emanations on the public is, at least, conceivable, but that journals having the pretention to be Catholic organs should open their columns to them, in any manner, under any pretext, is something so astonishing to us that were not the accusing type before our eyes we could not believe it possible.

Need we warn Catholic parents against allowing into their homes, papers containing in any form, in any portion of their columns, fragments, however small, of "sensation stories." Extracts may be speciously made and everything objectionable eschewed in the portions published, but the fragment once read, the desire "to see how the story ends" is excited, and this will bring the reader through many an enervating and modesty-destroying page. Let Catholic parents remember that to ensnare Innocence more surely, Vice often puts on the externals of Virtue. Let them remember that a page read soon becomes a whole volume, and this in its turn engenders a craving for others of its kind, until the morbid taste is at length acquired, enracinated, the young mind incendiarized with unholy fire, and the soul's eternal welfare eventually jeopardized.

ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY.—The Exhibition and Examination of the Pupils of St. Vincent's Academy, under the direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, took place at the City Assembly Rooms, Broadway, on Thursday evening, April 22. The building was crowded to overflowing by the parents and friends of the Pupils. The Pupils were examined in all the English Branches, and answered with alacrity and correctness. The interval between the examination of each class was filled up by recitations, and music, both vocal and instrumental. An orchestra, composed of the Pupils, and numbering about thirty instruments, performed the well-known air, "Garryowen," with a harmonious precision and an *ensemble* astonishing considering the tender ages of the performers.

Among the Rev. gentlemen who honored the Assembly with their presence we noticed the Very Rev. Mr. Starrs, V. G., and Archdeacon McCarron.

THE MONTH OF MARY.

"We are about to enter on a month, consecrated by custom, although not by the formal appointment, or in the authorized offices of the Church, to the honor of Our Lord's most holy Mother. It is a sweet and appropriate tribute of affection to our dearest Lady and the Mother of our God, by which the gladdening month of May is especially devoted to her praise."

Oakley's Sermons.

Of all the devotions practiced in honor of our dear Lady there is none which has sunk deeper into the hearts of the faithful than that of the Month of Mary. In Catholic cities where the devotion is regularly followed, nothing can be more sweetly soothing to the world-worn heart than the morning and evening exercises, during which Mary's faithful children assemble together around her altar and offer up their joint petitions for themselves and the entire Church. What hour can be more delightfully or more profitably spent than that which we devote evening after evening to our sweet Mother all through the lovely month of May, while "the dewy twilight" steals unheeded through the many-hued windows, and the deepening gloom brings a holy calm, and, as it were, an unearthly stillness to the troubled soul—when the lights on the altar gradually come out dispelling the shadows and illumining arch and column and far-stretching aisle, even as Mary's gentle patronage sheds a softening glory over the ways of life? Who that has ever taken part in this devotion with that filial love which we owe to Mary, can ever forget the long month—yet in passing thus all too short—during which he heard the sweetest music, the most touching hymns in her praise, and saw the fairest flowers of spring—the fairest and the first—placed upon her altars and around her statues as the votive offerings of the season? We pity the Catholic man or the Catholic woman who is insensible to the calm delights of the Month of Mary, associated as they are with fervent aspirations, good resolutions, and that humble contrition of heart which brings back the sinner to his God. If any such there be let them only try for this one time—let them persevere all through the month, in performing every day some little pious act whether of charity or mortification, and saying in private, if they cannot in public, some short prayer in honor of our Common Mother, and we promise them they will never again let the Month of Mary pass without gathering in some of its precious fruits.

There are many and sufficient reasons why the children of the Church should unite heart and soul in this edifying devotion. Few there are who have not some special grace to ask through the intercession of Mary the *Help of Christians*, some for others near and dear to them, others for their own spiritual or temporal interests. May is the opening month of Summer—or at least the threshold between Spring and Summer, and who knows not that the glory and beauty of the coming season are too often marred and blighted by the noxious breath of pestilence? Is it not well, then, to secure the protection of the Mother of Christ at the opening of every succeeding Summer?

In this age of railroad accidents, steamboat explosions, and awfully sudden deaths, has any of us so fast a hold of life that we can afford to despise the protection of Her whom the Church styles MOST POWERFUL? and are we not all familiar with numberless instances wherein Christians were saved from imminent danger by invoking Mary's succor?

To go no farther back than the last few years, the French campaign in the Crimea furnishes many striking examples, related in the French journals of the day, of Mary's watchful care over the pious soldiers of Napoleon who marched to battle under the special patronage of *La Sainte Vierge*.

Let the heretic and the infidel scoff. We can afford to pity their incredulity, for we gather in from year to year the fruits of our devotion to the Mother of God. *Their* scoffs and jeers we heed not, but it is sad to think that there may be some within the pale of the Church who never think of drawing on the treasury of grace and mercy in the immaculate Heart of Mary. Devotion to this gracious Queen has ever been considered one of the surest marks of divine predilection, and the Fathers of the Church are not only eloquent in recommending it, but seem to treat of it as something absolutely necessary to salvation.

When we know that the smallest act of devotion or of self-denial practised in Mary's honor is gratefully accepted by her, and are assured on the authority of one of her most glorious servants* that no one ever invoked her aid in vain, how is it that we can coldly stand aloof when myriads of her children all over the world are addressing to her in every tongue their humble tribute of praise and invoking her intercession. It is a high privilege to be permitted to lay our cares and fears and sorrows at the feet of Mary, and there is joy unutterable in the thought that she will hear us and compassionate our misery.

* St. Bernard, the great doctor of the 11th century.

DR. BROWNSON AND THE LECTURE COMMITTEE.

NEW YORK, April 20th, 1858.

O. A. BROWNSON, Esq., LL. D.:—The Committee who had the honor of conducting the business affairs of your Lecture, delivered at the Academy of Music, on the 12th of last January, have now the pleasure of handing you herewith the final amount of proceeds, which, with previous payments, makes the nett sum of one thousand and eighteen dollars sixty-five cents, ($1,018 65.)

The Committee beg leave to congratulate you, Sir, on the splendid result of the compliment offered you. Your audience upon the occasion numbered, as near as can be ascertained, five thousand three hundred and seventy-seven persons; and in respectability and intelligence was not inferior to any that ever assembled within the noble edifice in which the Lecture was delivered.

The duties of the undersigned were but light; the Catholics of New York wanted only the opportunity which was afforded them of testifying their indebtedness to one who has done such signal service in their regard as the distinguished Editor of *Brownson's Review*. The Rev. Clergy greatly facilitated the business of the undersigned by their active zeal and co-operation in this testimonial to your great talents.

We are, Sir, most respectfully and truly your obedient servants,

JAMES LYNCH,
THOMAS C. FINNELL, M. D.,
JOHN. J. STAFF,
PHIL. J. COZZANS,
PATRICK R. DUNNE,
On behalf of the Committee.

REPLY.

NEW YORK, April 22d, 1858.

GENTLEMEN:—I have received your communication, transmitting me the balance of the proceeds of my Lecture at the Academy of Music, on the 12th of last January. You will allow me, Gentlemen, to return you and the Committee you represent my hearty thanks for their disinterested and effective labors in my behalf. I wish, also, through you, to express my high appreciation of the deep interest taken in the success of the Lecture by the Most Reverend Archbishop and the Reverend Clergy of New York, and to the Catholics of this city, for the readiness and enthusiasm with which they responded to the call made upon them. I cannot suppose that it was any very strong desire to hear the Lecture of one whom they had so often listened to, that brought over five thousand of them to the Academy of Music; it was their desire to testify by their presence their undiminished confidence in one who, amidst some reproach, had honestly devoted his feeble talents and his industry since his conversion to the promotion of the Catholic cause in our common country. I shall not soon forget their warm and effective testimony in my behalf, and shall endeavor by my future labors to render myself less undeserving their confidence and esteem.

I have the honor, Gentlemen, to remain your obedient and much obliged servant,

O. A. BROWNSON.

Messrs. Thomas C. Finnell, M.D.,
James Lynch, Patrick R. Dunne,
and others.

The above correspondence is a convincing proof, if any were wanting, that the Catholics of New York honor and appreciate the

men of genius who untiringly devote their great talents to that cause, the furtherance of which is the dearest aspiration of every Catholic heart. Theirs is not merely lip gratitude. The result of Dr. Brownson's Lecture is highly creditable to the Catholics of the Empire City, and must, indeed, be gratifying to the Doctor, as a recognition of the debt which they, in common with their brethren throughout the Union, owe to the distinguished editor of *Brownson's Review*—a debt which can never be liquidated. Doctor Brownson's reply to the letter of the Committee exemplifies the proverbial saying, that Modesty is ever the handmaid of true Genius.

MERIDEN, April 21st, 1858.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

DEAR SIR:—I have just read in your items, under the head of "Catholic Intelligence, Domestic," that two persons were fatally injured, and thirteen others severely wounded, by the falling of the floor of the new Catholic Church at Wallingford.

I have already sent to two journals, in which it appeared, a contradiction of the statement. The contradiction was not published then or since.

You will oblige me by stating that *no person was fatally injured by the accident*, and also, that *no person was severely wounded*. It is true that the escape of many was miraculous. I was among them myself, celebrating the Holy Mysteries, and ought to be acquainted with the facts.

By inserting this note you will oblige

Yours, &c., THOMAS QUINN,
Catholic Pastor.

We have much pleasure in giving place to the Rev. Mr. Quinn's rectification, the more so as his letter communicates the pleasing intelligence that no person was seriously injured on the occasion alluded to.

CONSECRATION.—The solemn consecration of St. John's Church, Newark, N. J., which is confided to the pastoral charge of the Very Rev. P. Moran, V. G., will take place on Thursday next, May 6th, the feast of St. John before the Latin Gate. His Grace the Archbishop of New York will preach at High Mass in the morning, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop M'Closkey of Albany at Vespers in the evening. Tickets of admission $1. This solemn event will form an epoch in the annals of Catholicity in Newark.

We have received the prospectus of the *Cincinnati Examiner*, a new weekly journal devoted to the interests of the Irish people, to be published weekly in Cincinnati. The *Examiner's* platform is a sound one in most respects. Its principal fault is to promise a little too much. To give "such a summary of Irish and other foreign intelligence *as no other paper in America has hitherto contained*," is, we consider, more easily said than done. Notwithstanding this flourish of trumpets, which sounds rather harshly, coming as it does from a beginner on entering the lists for the first time, we welcome our new *confrere* into the arena of journalism and will be happy to exchange with him the civilities of the profession.

Father Daly, of St. Peter's Church, took an affectionate leave of his congregation recently, announcing to them that he had received notice from the Bishop of the diocese that he was to be transferred to St. John's Church, Utica. The change is considered a promotion among the clergy of the diocese. It will be very generally regretted. His successor, we understand, is Rev. Mr. Kelly, of Oswego.—*Northern* (Troy) *Budget*.

All communications for the Rev. Thomas Daly should be directed hereafter to St. John's Church, Utica, N. Y., instead of St. Peter's Church, East Troy, N. Y.

Miss Teresa Esmonde will deliver a lecture on the "Poets and Poetry of Ireland" at Mozart Hall, on Wednesday, evening, the 28th April.

The fair lecturer intends to enlighten the public as to the amount of ignorance of Ireland's Poets and Poetry, displayed by Mr. Charles Mackay in the rhapsodies delivered by him in this city and elsewhere.

The third portion of Mr. O'Brien's Address to the Irish People is in type and will appear in our next.

CONFIRMATION IN THIRTY-FIRST STREET.

ON Sunday last the Church of St. Francis Seraph (German), in 31st street, was the scene of two impressive and interesting ceremonies—namely, the admission of a large number of children, in the morning, to their first communion, and in the afternoon the administration of the Sacrament of Confirmation to over two hundred and fifty persons. It was almost impossible to obtain an entrance to the sacred edifice in the afternoon. Shortly after three, P.M., his Grace the Archbishop entered the Church preceded by several of the clergy. Previous to administering the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation his Grace addressed the children as follows:

MY DEAR CHILDREN—You are about to receive the holy sacrament of confirmation; that sacrament by which you are sealed and strengthened in the communion of the Church and in the powers of your faith. To you it is, indeed, in your early years a species of festivity—a kind of holiday—a day of innocent rejoicing. And so far, it is well. But you must not forget that it is to you at the same time one of the most solemn days of your Christian life. You are baptized, and by baptism become members of the Church of Christ. Now, about to be confirmed, you will be not only members, but valiant, courageous, strong and vigorous members and Catholics of the Church of Christ. The grace of the sacrament which you are about to receive has this for its object: to make you strong and perfect Christians. You receive this confirmation only once, whereas you receive baptism in infancy. Now, you are grown up to a certain age, and understand what you are doing. You will thus understand, and to-day make those resolutions which you shall keep through life. You are now bound by the most Christian tie and duty and obligation to be good children whilst you are children; good sons and daughters whilst you are under the care of your parents; good in every station in life to which God may call you, and good by following strictly the laws of your holy religion, and by applying yourselves to the cares which it brings near you. Your daily prayers, and petitions, and remembrance that God sees you always; your fidelity to yourselves, your constancy in attending the holy sacraments, especially of the Eucharist—these are the privileges to which you are to be now, more than ever, entitled. But, my dear children, under these circumstances, although you have taken some pains to array yourselves in a kind of holiday and pleasing costume—so becoming, it is to be hoped, to your age of innocence—that white which you wear; still, let not these outward things distract your minds from the solemnity and the importance of what you are doing. In the midst of this little confusion and noise about you let there not be confusion in your minds and hearts. Throw from your thoughts everything except what you are about to receive—the sacrament of confirmation with its heavenly gifts of wisdom, understanding, counsel and knowledge of the fear of God. Oh, that fear of God! Remember that fear of God; not that servile fear of which you would have of man, but that fear which would make you try to do or say nothing which would offend your heavenly Father. This is the fear of God. Receiving this sacrament with its discipline we may reasonably hope that you will persevere true, good Catholics. Now, my dear children, the choir will sing that hymn to the Holy Ghost. It is proper, whilst it is being sung, that you should kneel down and ask of God to guide you and discipline your hearts more and more for the worthy reception of the heavenly gifts of the Holy Spirit.

The solemn ceremony of Confirmation was then proceeded with, and at its conclusion the "Te Deum" was sung. The exercises throughout were of the most touching and impressive character, and reflects great credit on the pious pastor of St. Francis Seraph, the Rev. Alexander Martin.

EXTRAORDINARY CEREMONY AT ST. MARY'S CHURCH, HOBOKEN.

SOLEMN CORONATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

The solemn coronation of Our Lady of Grace will take place on the 20th of June, 1858, at the Catholic Church in Hoboken, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin under that invocation. The painting is one already well known to devout Catholics in this country. It is a very remarkable copy of the celebrated Madonna of Foligno, painted by Raphael in the year 1510, and preserved in the Vatican. It was presented to the pastor by the late Duke of Genoa, brother of the present King of Sardinia. The crown has been given by his widow, the Duchess of Genoa. The painting is nine feet high and six feet wide, and contains seven personages, besides a glory of innumerable angels who surround the Madonna. The ceremony of crowning ancient and celebrated pictures and statues is not rare in Catholic countries, and it is only a short time since our Holy Father Pius IX. crowned the Madonna at Bologna. By this act of honor and veneration to Our Blessed Lady, we hope to increase the devotion of the faithful to the Mother of Grace, and to consecrate a shrine to which they may come even from distant places with the offerings of faith and thanksgiving. We may even look for special favors, such as have been vouchsafed in other times and other lands. There is no lack of Divine grace; there is only a lack of pious supplicants. The motive of gratitude will also give additional interest to the pious ceremony, as is attested by the offerings of many who have already received graces and blessings through her intercession. The ceremony will be performed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Newark, on the 20th of June next. We have chosen this day, because it is the day on which the Church celebrates the festival of Our Lady of Grace, and also because it is the anniversary of the dedication of this Church under her invocation.

REV. A. CAUVIN,
Pastor of St. Mary's Church.

HOBOKEN, N. J., *April*, 1858.

Commencement of a New Volume
OF THE
NEW YORK TABLET.

A NEW FEATURE IN THE NEW VOLUME.

WE will commence a new volume of the NEW YORK TABLET on the 5th June next, when we will, at considerable additional expense, present an entirely new feature, in the shape of A FULL PAGE OF MUSIC, in each number, containing a popular song, with accompaniment for the pianoforte.

Our readers will observe, that a page of music of the same size as the TABLET, is equal to two of the ordinary sized music pages.

STORIES will appear weekly from the pen of Mrs. J. SADLIER, who will write exclusively for the TABLET.

The EDITORIAL COLUMNS will be under the charge of a gentleman every way competent to discharge that duty with judgment and ability.

The CITY NEWS and SELECTIONS will be attended to by the same gentleman who has had charge of those departments since the paper came into our hands, and has performed his task to the satisfaction of our readers.

During the past year our paper has met with the most flattering success—it has received praise from all quarters, and its circulation has been nearly doubled. This fact, when we consider the late commercial revulsion, is the best evidence that the TABLET is known and appreciated.

We are determined, on our part, to spare no expense to make the TABLET still more useful and interesting; and in order to enable us to carry out our views, we would respectfully request Catholic parents to use their influence in extending its circulation.

REASONS FOR SUBSCRIBING FOR THE NEW YORK TABLET.

I. It is admitted on all hands to be the best Catholic Family Paper published in America.

II. It contains a third more reading matter than any paper of its class.

III. It contains a Popular Song every week, with Music arranged for the Pianoforte, worth more than the price paid for the paper.

IV. Its Stories are of a choice character—interesting, without containing anything offensive to Faith or Morals.

V. Its Editorials on various subjects are of the highest interest to every Catholic.

VI. It gives the latest Catholic Intelligence from all parts of the world; its Irish News department is the most copious, and its selections of Anecdotes, useful Receipts, and Miscellaneous Items are of the most entertaining and useful description.

VII. It has regular Correspondence from London, Paris, Moscow and Washington, and occasional Correspondence from various parts of the United States, and British America.

VIII. It has a well digested summary of the News of the Day, and carefully prepared Reviews of the New York Markets.

IX. It is a paper which Catholic parents can safely introduce into their families, as every theme which might be injurious to Religion and Morality will be excluded from its columns.

Terms:

Single Copies	6 cents'
Mail Subscribers per Annum, in advance	$2 50
Served by Carrier	3 00
Five Copies (to one address)	9 00
Ten " "	15 00

Larger Clubs in proportion.

If sent separately, 20 cents per copy extra will be charged for writing each subscriber's name on his paper.

☞ U. S. Postage added to Canadian and Old Country Subscribers.

INDUCEMENTS TO SUBSCRIBE.

To any person remitting $2 50 in advance, we will send a splendid Steel Engraving of the Most Rev. John Hughes, D.D., Archbishop of New York, same size as the TABLET, and convenient either for framing or binding with the volume.

To persons sending us $6 in advance for three copies of the TABLET (sent separately, if necessary), we will send any 50 cent book of our own Publication, and three Portraits of the Most Rev. Archbishop, on their remitting us eighteen cents in postage stamps.

*** Larger lists in proportion.

All letters and communications should be addressed "NEW YORK TABLET," 164 William street, New York.

D. & J. SADLIER, & CO.,
PUBLISHERS.

WOMEN'S PROTECTIVE EMIGRANT SOCIETY.

WE have received the following communication from Vere Foster, Esq.:

DEAR SIR:—I request you will have the goodness to inform your readers that I am no longer connected with the above named Society, because I have not sufficient confidence in its present management. After accompanying another party of women and children to the West on my own account, I expect to sail for Liverpool and Ireland on the 9th of May.

VERE FOSTER.

Savery's Hotel, 32 Beekman street,
April 23d, 1858.

The Treasurer of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the Easter Collection from the following churches:

St. Joseph's	$953 77
St. Mary's	811 56
St. Francis Xavier	579 74
St. Peter's	535 27
St. Stephen's	510 00
St. Ann's	502 75
St. Patrick's (Cathedral)	453 32
St. James'	405 20
Nativity	400 06
Holy Cross	391 67
St. Bridget's	372 57
St. Andrew's	300 00
Immaculate Conception	281 70
St. John the Evangelist	262 72
St. Columbia	243 25
Transfiguration	210 74
St. Lawrence	170 00
St. Paul's, Harlem	76 25
St. Nicholas	27 80
St. John the Baptist	20 00
	$7,608 37

Also a bequest from the late Michael Cox of $250, through the Right Rev. Bishop Bayley, of Newark, N. J.

HUGH KELLY, *Treasurer*.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

NOTICE TO PERSONS GETTING UP CLUBS.—Clubs in all cases *must* be sent to one address, unless each Subscriber pay 20 cents extra, for which we will write his name on the paper. Large Clubs of 10, 20, or 50, can have the paper sent in two or more packages, directed to as many different persons, for distribution at club prices.

Mr. Eugene Coleman, Bookseller, 27 1-2 Madison street, New York, is duly authorized to solicit subscribers and advertisements for the TABLET.

Travelling Agents.

Our Travelling Agent, Mr. D. O'Sullivan, is now Collecting and Canvassing for the TABLET on the line of the N. Y. Central Railroad. He has bills for all indebted to us.

Mr. James McGee will visit Yonkers, Tarrytown, Sing Sing, Haverstraw, Newburgh, and all Towns both sides of the Hudson River, next week. He has bills for all indebted to us, and we hope they will be ready to pay up. He has also a good assortment of Catholic Books for sale.

Persons wanting needle work done in the neatest and best style, we would refer them to an advertisement of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, on our 16th page. Flowers for altars, parlors, &c., can always be had or made to order.

We refer the Rev. Clergy, Organists, and Conductors of Choirs, to Mr. Maguire's advertisement on our 16th page. He is a gentleman every way capable of doing all his card sets forth in the very best style.

Persons in want of mourning goods of any description can always find a full assortment at Mr. Jackson's store, 551 Broadway.

Literature.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. May, 1857. *Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.*

Our friend the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," treats us to some ideas of *his* friend, the "Professor," on the subject of old age. We have read most of the Autocrat's matinal conversaziones with pleasure and not without profit, and have admired the quiet sweetness of his style. Certes, no gentler Autocrat ever existed. We are not, however, so entirely satisfied with the "Professor," whose paper published in the present number has some exceptional features. His remark that an "Irishwoman calls her husband the 'old man,' and he returns the caressing expression by speaking of her as the 'old woman,'" is a very great error. The expression is purely an American one, and, by the bye, is seldom used in a "caressing" signification. The adjective is only applied in Ireland to very old persons, and then in a respectful sense. But this is only a very venial error. A more grave one is the publication of the verses entitled "The Last Blossom," a composition the literary merit of which cannot compensate for the pernicious and irreverent spirit it breathes. Nor is the idea clad in the last stanza by any means new; we have seen it dressed in prose as elegant and less noxious than the poetry of the "Professor," some years ago, in a French newspaper, in an article entitled: *Il y a vingt ans* (Twenty years ago.) We do not charge the Professor with plagiarism or adaptation, we merely remark the coincidence, and judging by the Autocrat's late pronunciamento on the subject of "Plagiarism," we feel assured that *he* will thank us for doing so. The Professor's remarks on the gymnastic ineptitude of Americans are generally just and very suggestive. We agree with him that we have neither good horsemen nor good cricketers (native) in this country; we disagree with him when he says we have no reason to be ashamed of our boxers; we think we have every reason to be heartily ashamed of them.

A paper on the late theologico-dramatic Star actor at Burton's Theatre, is devoted to the apotheosis of that eccentric stump-preacher. It consists of extracts from a lately-published volume made up from fragments of discourses delivered by the subject of the article. The attempt to inflate Mr Beecher to an unwarrantable extent is explained by the note at the foot of the first column of the article, which gives the name of the publishers of *Life Thoughts*.

Amours de Voyage are terminated, and not a minute too soon. Hostility to Catholicity showed the tip of its ear occasionally throughout the work, but in the second last stanza, two ears, of considerable altitude, are most unmistakeably stuck out. The same inimical and prejudiced spirit is evinced in the "Catacombs of Rome." The writer should have buried his prejudices in the Catacombs, or have staid there with them. "Intellectual Character" is well written, but indifferently reasoned. The writer's philosophy has no sound basis, and he consequently performs the feat of walking up a perpendicular ladder, balancing himself with great difficulty for a moment on the top, and then jumping off to avoid falling with it. "Camille" might have been written by an inmate of some Eastern Asylum for the children of the moon. "The Man with the two Shadows" is a pleasant sketch, and the article on "Beethoven" will be read with interest.

We hope the *Atlantic* will not make itself the mouthpiece of bigotry or fanaticism. There seems to be a leaning that way in the present number. We should be sorry to see it perverted to such unworthy uses. We are well disposed towards it, and we hope that for the future its articles will be as unobjectionable in spirit as they usually are in style.

MRS. STEPHEN'S ILLUSTRATED NEW MONTHLY. Vol. IV. No. XXIII. May, 1858.

The opening article of this number will be read with pleasure by all those who love to turn from the matter-of-fact and business life of the present day, to the pomp and circumstance of the chivalric age—from the sombre and commonplace black frock coat and stovepipe hat, to the flying pennant and plumed casque of the panoplied knight. The "Death Watch" is a good satire on the productions of those Radcliffe brains for whom the Inquisition is a never-ending nightmare. In "the Crimson Livery," *per contra*, we have the St. Bartholomew cooked up in the old stereotyped way. We take exception to the slur thrown upon the women of France and Italy in "Things we talk about;" they are much less "over-dressed babies" than their American sisters.

Our lady readers will find in the "Ladies' Treasury" all the advice necessary for their tasteful external adornment.

EMERSON'S MAGAZINE AND PUTNAM'S MONTHLY. May, 1858. *Oaksmith & Co.*, 371 *Broadway, N. Y.*

The present number contains some articles which, though not up to a very high standard of literary excellence, are, in the main, unobjectionable. Albatros, however, in his "Sea-foam and Sunny Lands," might have left out with advantage his sneers at things sacred and his bad French. Every one of the French phrases with which he interlards his English he makes at least one gross blunder. It is easy to see by his mania for sticking French words everywhere that he is but a tyro in the study of the language of the Gaul. We can understand why a writer in English employs a French word when no English word will express the idea, but why he uses a foreign term for which he has many equivalents in his own language we never could understand. Perhaps it is to get laughed at by those who understand the language which he tortures—if so he is sure to be successful. "The Professor's Ward," an autobiographical sketch, is written in a chaste and pleasant style.

THE INSTITUTE: A Monthly Literary Journal. *London: Burns and Lambert.*

The March number of this excellent Magazine contains several articles of much worth, all of which are written in an easy and agreeable style. The several papers are also about the proper length, and not liable to tire the patience of the reader on account of their prolixity. The first article, *The Catholic University of Dublin*, is calculated to command particular attention. *England and Prussia* is the heading of a second article instigated, no doubt, by the recent matrimonial alliance between Frederick William of Prussia and the Princess Royal of England. Another paper on The Present and Future of Catholicity, with the second chapter of an interesting tale, several reviews, together with a quantity of miscellaneous matter, make up the contents of the number under consideration. Altogether the *Institute* bids fair to do good work among its readers in London, Liverpool and other large English cities.

A CHAPTER ON HISTORY.

A history well written, well arranged, and conveying to the reader true and reliable information, must be one which every one should desire to read and to study with pleasure. A work which runs far back into antiquity, and which enables us to see as best we can the workings of the human heart, its aspirations after power, riches, and pleasure, must inevitably convey lessons which can be read with much advantage.

A history should truthfully contain what has happened in every remarkable period of time it describes; it should be the historian's duty to paint in the strongest language the beauties of nature and art that may be conducive to the better understanding of the countries and men of whom the history is written.

The virtues of mankind should be highly extolled; heroes and statesmen who have done eminent service to mankind should receive due merit for their services in the cause of humanity. The patriot people, writhing in the gripe of despotism, should be cheered on by the historian, who faithfully chronicles what has passed, and what is passing around him. The vices of the age, its sensuality, luxury, despotism, and cant, should receive from his hands a stunning blow and a withering denunciation.

The migrations of the human race, the customs and manners of different nations; the rise and fall of Empires; the overthrow of tyrants; the clash of arms; the mighty shock of contending hosts will greatly enliven, beautify, and adorn the page of history.

It may be deemed superfluous to write thus on history; at least one would imagine on reading every history that falls into his hands that all the facts and dates, circumstances and reflections, are true, which the author of said history relates. Let an impartial reader take up many histories of the present time, and of the ages that have passed away, and he can discover on their face prejudice and falsehood. Have the Roman Historians done justice to the Greeks, Carthaginians, Germans, and Gauls? Have the Greek Historians in general done justice to the other nations with whom they were at war? The latter, indeed, are very reliable in comparison with those of ancient Rome; much more reliable than the historians of the present day, and of days that have passed down the stream of time. The historians of America, with some exceptions, must be excepted from the category. Histories are sometimes written in a spirit of religious hate, written to malign those who differ with the historians in religious belief, and who may belong to a distinct race. Histories written in this manner are unfit for study, especially when pupils and teachers may have various professions of faith.

The historian, who is carried away by bigotry and prejudice, is unreliable even in facts; his reflections are devoid of truth, solidity, and judgment.

Posterity will set their mark on a work distilling poison into the minds of youth; the mass of the people, who are excellent judges of what is true and what is not, will stamp it with the mark of detestation.

A noble and distinguished patriotism in the historian is to be admired; even when in error he is to be excused more or less—when enthusiasm and love of country carry him away in his flights of fancy.

The historian who unnecessarily travels out of his way to slander his countrymen, or the inhabitants of countries, who may be subject to that in which he was born—such a historian will lose the merit which he otherwise would receive, if he wrote in an impartial and unbiased manner.

It is a rich and glorious repast, to enjoy the pleasure, entertainment and instruction which a well-written history affords. The splendid style, the polished sentences, the harmonious periods, the mature and solid reflections, the beautiful and truthful deductions, carry away the mind, and engender in the soul a love of the beautiful, true and sublime.

History written in this manner shall always be appreciated by the discerning multitude; the amount of good conferred on society thereby shall be incalculable; and the name of the historian will go down honored to the latest posterity.

The history of nations, states and empires, is a noble and delightful study to young and old—"it is philosophy teaching by example." Too many of our young men neglect to cultivate this useful study. Unfortunately the wretched literature of the day is more prized than the works of Livy, Tacitus, Thucydides, Herodotus, Polybuis, Plato and a host of others, ancient and modern, whose pages teem with the most valuable information in regard to the different races of mankind, their wars, manners, customs, religious beliefs; their philosophy and scientific knowledge—handed down to posterity as memorials of what the world was in those ages swallowed up by the rude hand of time.

LECTURE OF DR. HEWIT IN BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

On Monday evening, 19th April, Dr. H. S. Hewit (brother of Father Hewit, late of the Redemptorists) delivered a lecture before a large and enthusiastic audience at Bridgeport, Conn. His subject was "Protestantism." He said that he had never been a Protestant, but was an infidel until, by the grace of God, he became a Catholic. We have not, however, time or space to give even an analysis of the lecture, and can only single out one or two leading points. He said that a common slander against the Church was that she suppressed one of the Commandments of God. Protestants make a different division of the Commandments from that adopted by the Church, dividing the first, and joining together the ninth and tenth, hence they charge the Church with suppressing what they call "the Second Commandment," which forbids the worship of images. A Protestant minister, pastor of a Presbyterian Church fronting on Madison avenue, made this charge publicly in his pulpit, the lecturer heard of it, and called at his house, leaving with his card a small catechism containing the commandments in question, but the calumny has not been recalled by the *Rev.* gentleman.

In concluding the Dr. said—My brothers, you who earn your bread by the sweat of your brow, you who toil beneath the burden of the hod, and you, my sisters, who are obliged to bear the trials of domestic labor, you have a great mission to perform. You have sought, many of you, refuge here from the cruel oppression of England, that country which for centuries has persecuted and oppressed Catholic Ireland, until the Irish people have been driven into almost every corner of the world, there to carry their faith, and their religion; you have a mission, to aid in the conversion of this country. Remember that Columbus sailed with the crucifix nailed to the mast head; remember that he was a devout worshipper of the Blessed Virgin, and that he sailed under the patronage of two of the most Catholic sovereigns of Europe. Yes! you have a mission.

It should be remembered that Dr. Hewit delivered this lecture under most trying circumstances. Bridgeport is the residence of his aged father, who is a distinguished minister of the Presbyterian Church, and naturally the Protestant feeling of the place was very strong against him; but we are glad to say that his success was beyond the expectations of his most ardent well wishers.

We understand that he is to lecture in New Haven, Hartford, Norwalk, and other towns of New England, and we hope that the Catholics of those places will extend to him the same hearty welcome that the people of Bridgeport have done.

THE SOCIETY OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

[*Translated from the German of the Wahrheitz-Freund for the* N. Y. TABLET.]

The Institution of the Holy Childhood has been since its establishment a source of many blessings, notwithstanding the short period of its existence; the happy and important results produced through its medium are the more admirable, considering:

III.—THE RESOURCES OF THE INSTITUTION,

which (though productive of such happy consequences) appear in a manner trifling and inadequate to the great wants of innumerable destitute children. They are: 1st, The prayers of the children; 2nd, The regular contribution of but one cent a month; 3rd, Collections (though not obligatory) made by the children on occasion of the festivals of the Society; 4th, Other voluntary offerings made by charitable persons, though not members of the Institution.

IV.—MEMBERS AND ASSOCIATES.

The Association forms a double section, regulated by the age of the children, the separation taking place at the time of their first Communion, after which they are distinguished as members and associates, though both enjoy the same privileges and have the same obligations to fulfil.

Admissible as Members of the Association, are: 1st, All children as soon as they are baptized, on condition that the father, mother, or some other person interested in the child, fulfil the conditions, until the child be enabled to comply with them. 2nd, All children who have not yet made their first Communion.

As Associates are admitted all those who have made their first Communion, and who have not as yet completed their 21st year; those who had entered as members remain as such even after their first Communion. Members as well as Associates may retain their title, fulfil their obligations, and partake of the privileges as usual, even after having completed their 21st year, provided they (at the appointed age) become members also of the great Association of the Propagation of Faith; consequently only such as do not comply with this condition, cease to be members of the Association of the Holy Childhood. From this may be inferred that this Institution, far from being in any way prejudicial to the great Association of the Propagation of Faith, (as has at first been apprehended by some,) will become a means to contribute greatly to its advancement. It must be considered of great assistance for the latter Association to be relieved of the charge of numberless destitute children which before was a duty incumbent on it, and which the Association of the Holy Childhood has taken upon itself. Independent of this, the number of its members will be considerably increased, as we cannot suppose that persons who have from their earliest infancy co-operated in the work of the missions, who have become the saviors of many unfortunate children, exercising this work of charity for a number of years, should at that period abandon their Association to which they have become so warmly attached. No, this is not likely; on the contrary, they will doubtlessly rejoice at any new opportunity of gaining souls for heaven; they will embrace the Association of the Propagation of Faith, and persevere in it as the most generous, faithful and zealous of its members, thus doubly concurring to the salvation of souls.

V.—OBLIGATIONS.

The Obligations of the Members of the Association of the Holy Childhood are, as we have already mentioned, so trifling, that even the most indigent child is enabled to comply therewith, namely: 1st, To say a Hail Mary every day with the following invocation: Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Joseph pray for us and for the poor little children of infidels; 2nd, To give but one cent a month, though if willing to contribute more from time to time, it will be gratefully received. We might relate many instances of generosity, of both parents and children, in this respect.

Persons liberally bestowing an offering of charity on the Association are called its benefactors, and as such are particularly recommended to God in the Masses of the Association.

VI.—PATRONS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

The Institution is under the special and immediate patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary an dSt. Joseph. The Holy Guardian Angels, St. Francis Xavier, the first Apostle of those Pagan countries, and St. Vincent of Paul, the father of Orphans, are its secondary patrons.

VII.—ADMINISTRATION.

The Administration of the Association is composed of a central council, residing in Paris, and of several auxiliary councils formed in the different countries; the former is composed of the President of the Institution, always a Bishop, and a Vice-President, who is also a Bishop; also a Director-General, Treasurer, and a Vice-Treasurer, and several ecclesiastics and laics, mostly of the first nobility. The latter are composed of some ecclesiastics appointed by the Central Council, of course by agreement with the Right Rev. Bishops of the respective dioceses, and of one or the other of the most pious and zealous laics. Besides France, some of these auxiliary councils are existent in Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Dublin in Ireland, and Montreal in Canada, where formerly the Right Rev. Founder of the Association of the Holy Childhood, Count de Forbin Jansan, labored yet as priest so indefatigably and reaped abundant fruits, until he was chosen Bishop of Nancy, in France.

(To be continued.)

THE BISHOP OF HARTFORD'S VISITATION TO BRIDGEPORT.

The Right Rev. Francis P. McFarland, D. D., made his first visitation to Bridgeport, Conn., on Sunday, the 11th April. The occasion was one of unusual interest, as the people were most anxious to behold the face of their chief Pastor. When they saw it, their feelings can be better imagined than expressed. Many a fervent prayer was offered in gratitude to Almighty God, for giving them a man so truly worthy as Bishop McFarland. May he live long to govern his Diocese.

At 7 1-2, A, M., the Bishop was escorted to the Church of St. James by the Rev. Clergy, and the children who were prepared for Confirmation. The children presented a beautiful appearance; the girls being tastefully dressed in white with crimson rosettes, and the boys wearing white pants with a crimson ribbon on the right arm. The Bishop was received at the Church door, as is usual on his first visitation to one of his Churches; after which the Right Rev. Prelate said a Low Msss, at which a number of the children and other persons received the Holy Communion. After Mass the Bishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to one hundred and ten persons, before whom he made a very appropriate and touching address. After Confirmation he made another short and feeling address. The children seemed much impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, as their minds and hearts had been previously well prepared during the retreat given them by the pious and eloquent Father Hewit.

At 10 1-2 o'clock a solemn Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Synnott, assisted by Father Hewit as Deacon, and McLenihan as Sub-Deacon. At Mass the Bishop preached an able and eloquent discourse on the resurrection of Christ as the foundation of Christian faith and hope. After Mass he addressed a few words of greeting to the congregation, concluding with the Episcopal benediction.

At 8 o'clock, P. M., the Bishop visited St. Mary's, East Bridgeport, where he preached to a crowded congregation and confirmed forty children. In the evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock, he gave Vespers at St. James' Church, after which Father Hewit preached in his usual eloquent and effective manner on the eternal blessedness of the Saints. The evening was very wet, but notwithstanding there was not a seat to be found in the Church of St. James an hour and a half previous to the time announced for service. We would be glad could we get a Church large enough to accommodate all who would wish to hear Father Hewit when he preaches in Bridgeport. The Bishop expressed great satisfaction at the flourishing state in which he found the congregations in Bridgeport. He was much pleased with the excellent school attached to St. James' Church. He encouraged both Pastors in their faithful and zealous efforts in the cause of religion.

A SUBSCRIBER.

CORK YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY—MR. O'HAGAN'S LECTURE ON JOAN OF ARC.

[From the Cork Examiner.]

At the hour named for this lecture the hall was densely crowded with members and subscribers, besides a large number of barristers, and a fair array of ladies. Precisely at half-past eight o'clock the chair was taken by Mr. John George MacCarthy, President of the Society.

The learned lecturer was received with a cordial greeting of applause. He said that the request to deliver a lecture was accompanied by a report of the Society's proceedings, which rendered that request almost equivalent to a command. After some further prefatory observations he gave a brilliant and picturesque sketch of the state of France previous to the appearance of Joan of Arc, particularly of the long and desperate feud between the Armagnacs and Burgundians, which opened the way for English invasion, and continued thus:

"You may believe that I have no intention of inflicting upon you the details of this miserable war. It would be a revolting record of blood and rapine. Civil wars are, indeed, proverbially perfidious and inhuman, but all other civil wars in history might be termed honorable and merciful in comparison with this of the Burgundians and Armagnacs. As it sprung from no contest of principles, from no public cause, but from selfish hate and antipathy, so it was carried out without one redeeming or ennobling feature. Yet, without studying the details, it is hardly possible to conceive what the wretched country suffered at the hands of both the factions. The soldiers of Armagnac inspired especial horror. They came trooping from the south, those ferocious Gascons, pillaging, slaying, cruel for the sake of cruelty, and mingling with it a brutal levity and impiety, putting the peasants to barbarous tortures to discover their hidden hoards. Yet, they were almost rivalled by the Flemish troops of Burgundy. They indeed did not, like the Gascons, destroy for destruction's sake, but they brought with them their carts and waggons from Flanders, and they swept the French fields and granaries clean, in the spirit of huxters rather than of soldiers. Again, as you may well conceive, in the suspension of all authority, armed bands of freebooters everywhere arose, who clothed themselves with whatever name suited them, but whose only purpose was plunder. Lastly, the unhappy peasant, whose painful labors gave birth to that wealth which was the prize of the combatants, too often driven to despair, flung down the beneficent plough for the destroying sword, and became himself a brigand and a marauder. In the words of a contemporary, all France was as the sea, where every one hath as much sovereignty as he hath strength. The metropolis several times changed masters, and each change was marked by massacres and judicial murders; while each party, who for the time had possession of the King, hurled royal edicts against their enemies as rebels and traitors. Five several treaties of peace were made, sworn to, and violated. Yet, the crowning infamy remains. Both parties vied in seeking to purchase the assistance of the common enemy of their country. The Duke of Burgundy was first to enter into negotiation with Henry IV. of England, but the Earl of Armaca outbid him. A regular treaty was concluded between the King of England and the Armagnacs, by which, as the price of the military aid which he was to render them, they stipulated to surrender to him all Acquitaine in full sovereignty, and to hold their fiefs in that duchy as his vassals. The death of Henry IV. alone prevented that treaty from being carried into effect, and, owing to a change of circumstances, which was no merit in them, the Armagnacs, who had thus bargained for the dismemberment of France, became by the event the champions of her independence."

When this disorder had reached its worst—when the young King of France was driven to a corner of his own territory, and made to doubt even his own legitimacy—when English ambition had all but seized kingdom and crown, Joan arose. A peasant maiden of seventeen, she led armies, guided councils—bore her white flag foremost wherever danger was greatest—raised the siege of Orleans—saw her King crowned at Rheims, and at the very turning-point of her country's fortunes achieved its independence. During all this she preserved the utmost simplicity of character.

'Her ways and habits during the year she was in arms are attested by a multitude of witnesses. Dunois and the Duke of Alencon bear testimony to what they term her extraordinary talents for war, and to her perfect fearlessness in action, but in all other things she was the most simple of creatures. She wept when she first saw men slain in battle, to think that they should have died without confession. She wept at the abominable epithets which the English heaped upon her, but she was without a trace of vindictiveness. 'Ah! Glacidas, Glacidas,' said she to Sir William Glacidas at Orleans, 'you have called me foul names, but I have pity upon your soul and the souls of your men. Surrender to the King of Heaven.' And she was seen after the victory of Patray resting the head of an English soldier on her lap, and stanching his wounds. In her diet she was abstemious in the extreme, rarely eating till evening, and then for the most part only of bread and water, sometimes mixed with wine. In the field she slept in her armor, but when she came into a city she always sought out some honorable matron under whose protection she placed herself. And there is wonderful evidence of the atmosphere of piety which she diffused around her, her very presence banishing from men's hearts all evil thoughts and wishes. Her conversation, when it was not of the war, was entirely of religion. She confessed often and received Communion twice in the week. And it was her custom, says Dunois, at twilight every day to retire to the church, and make the bells be rung for half an hour, and she gathered the mendicant religious who followed the King's army, and she put herself in prayer, and made them say an anthipon of the Blessed Mother of God. From presumption, as from superstition, she was entirely free. When a woman brought her crosses and chaplets to bless she said, 'How can I bless them? —your own blessing would be as good as mine.' And when she was once supplicated to bring back a dead child to life she could hardly recover from the horror into which the idea of such presumption threw her. She ever yearned after the union of Frenchmen, and on the day of the coronation at Rheims she dictated a touching letter to the Duke of Burgundy conjuring him to be no longer an enemy to his country, but to let the past be forgiven in Christian peace. But of negotiations with the English she was supremely impatient. 'I tell you,' she often repeated, 'there is no peace to be made with the English except by push of lance.'"

Mr. O'Hagan then described with happy picturesqueness and a touching pathos the tragic conclusion to her career—how she fell into the hands of her foes—how she was deserted by the base Prince for whom she had perilled all and won all—how she met no pity for her youth, no sympathy for her heroism—how she suffered a mock trial and a fearful death. Of her bearing on the trial the lecturer said:

"Joan was now lying in the English prison in Rouen. So long as she was with the Burgundians she had been treated as a prisoner of war, with honor and humanity, and had the society of her own sex, but the English brought her to Rouen in an iron cage, and flung her into a cell where she was pinioned to the wall by iron fetters on her hands and feet, and five Englishmen at arms were set to guard her day and night.

"From that cell she was brought before her judges, and for many weeks interrogated with the most searching minuteness upon every circumstance of her life. The original record of that trial, of every question and every answer, taken down by the registrar of the court, remains, and it has been published in full in M. Quickerat's great work. I cannot express to you what effect the perusal of that trial leaves upon the mind, nor in what a light it shows the character of Joan, her exalted piety, her great personal humility, her wonderful good sense, and her unshaken faith in the reality of her own inspiration. Upon that point she never wavered. The voices, she said, had been with her from the beginning, and she had always obeyed them except when she leaped from the tower of Beaurevoir. They were still with her, daily communing with her in her cell, and telling her to answer boldly to her accusers. Her questioners tried with all the skill of astute and practised men, sharpened by malevolence, to entrap her in matters of faith. They put to her the mystery hidden from man, and asked her was she in a state of grace? 'If I am,' she answered, 'may God keep me in it—if I am not, may God put me in it.' Yet she added that she thought if she were in mortal sin St. Catherine and St. Margaret would not have come to her. They asked her why, if she did not believe she was in sin, she confessed so often? 'One can never,' she said, 'cleanse one's conscience too much.' She was asked if St. Catherine, and St. Margaret hated the English? 'They hate what God hates,' she said, 'and love what God loves.' 'Does God, then,' they said, 'hate the English?' 'Of the curse or hatred which God has to the English, or what He means to do to their souls, I know nothing, but I know this, that they will be all driven forth of the realm of France, except those who will die there.' She was accused of having prevented peace. 'No,' she said, 'I did all in my power to make peace with the Duke of Burgundy; but, as to the English, the peace to be made with them is, that they should all go back to their own country of England.'"

In conclusion Mr. O'Hagan said:

"It was my original intention, gentlemen, but the time which I have occupied renders it now impossible, to say something of the fate which her memory has undergone—how it was long obscured and defaced by forgetfulness and calumny—to say something of that drama which reflects so faithfully the malignant passions of her national enemies, and which bears unworthily the name of Shakspeare; something also of that crowning disgrace to France —that composition where blasphemy vies with ribald indecency, and which bears most worthily the name of Voltaire. That work was worthy of the eighteenth century and its patriarch; but the nineteenth, thank God, has other thoughts. France has returned to do homage to her heroine. Those whose principles compel them to deny any miraculous intervention in human affairs yet give her the first rank amongst wondrous human creatures, and I may say that almost every inquirer who has combined high intelligence with faith has come to avow himself a believer in the truth of her Divine mission. For us we will be careful not to dogmatize when the Church has not pronounced, but this at least we may say, that if Joan was not, as she averred, sent from God to save her perishing country, history has no such marvel, and no such problem."

The learned lecturer having resumed his seat amidst loud applause, a vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. B. J. Alcock, and seconded by Mr. M. Murphy, and carried unanimously.

PRINTING AND NEWSPAPERS IN AMERICA.

Printing on this continent was first used in the city of Mexico in 1549. Within the bounds of the United States printing was first introduced in 1638 at Cambridge. The press was under the control of the rulers and so continued for sixty years. The works emanating from the Cambridge press were principally elementary works in the Indian language. In 1663, a Bible in the native tongue was completed,—a work on which about £1,200 were expended,—and in point of execution would be creditable even at the present day.

The first application for a copyright in the United States was made by Noah Webster in 1782. In fact, it was not till the present century, that the printing of books became a regular trade in the United States. Previous to that time almost all books were imported from England.

The history of printing in America is the history of newspapers. The Boston *News Letter*, begun in 1704, has the reputation of being the pioneer. It survived till 1776,—seventy two years. It advocated the policy of the British Government in the war of the Revolution.

The first idea of a *daily press* seems to have been conceived during the time the British troops occupied New York during the Revolution. The plan was to arrange the days of publication of the several weekly papers, so that some one of them should fall on each day of the week.

After the Revolution the newspaper press multiplied in an almost indefinite ratio. The newspaper publisher penetrated into almost every settlement. He took with him his old wooden press, he carried his paper on horseback hundreds of miles, he delivered the numbers to his subscribers before post routes were established; and all this he did usually for a subscription rate of $1,50 a year.

At the close of the war of the Revolution in 1783, the number of newspapers did not much exceed 40; in 1798 there were 200; in 1810 nearly 300. In 1818 the State of New York alone had nearly 100; it has now about 500. In 1824 there were eleven daily papers in Philadelphia, and 598 of all kinds in the United States. Four years later it was computed that there were more daily papers in the United States than in all the world beside.

Since that period the progress of the newspaper business has been immensely rapid. Not only in cities but in every village must there be a paper, and sometimes two or three. In one well-known instance a press was set up and a newspaper actually issued before a single house was erected in the settlement.

THE BOMBSHELLS OF SEBASTOPOL STILL EXPLODING.—A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, writing from Sebastopol under date March 1, says: "The bombshells strewn about the city during the siege are still doing the work of death. No less than eight deaths, I think, have been caused by explosions of these missiles since my arrival, hardly a year since. Only a few days ago, two seamen belonging to the English steamer "Beyrout" came on shore near our shipyard, and for a few minutes were conversing with Mr. Gowen. They then started for a walk to the Redan, quite near our residence, and on reaching the breast work, one of them picked up an unexploded detonating shell, intending to keep it as a relic, but finding it rather heavy, threw it down, when it instantly exploded and killed him, almost severing the head from the body, and completely cutting off his right leg. The remains were brought to our yard, whence they were buried. His companion escaped with a slight scratch upon the lip. On the following day two Russians were killed in a similar manner, while picking out the stopper of a shell. The lock by which the concussion ignited the powder of the shell is a curious affair—being a small equilateral cross, with a capsule at each point, and four little hammers held by a human hair, a sudden jar breaks the hair, causing the hammer to strike the cap, which explodes. After the shells are charged, the locks are enclosed in a copper tube and inserted within the hollow of the shell, upon which a plug is placed. The shells, thus prepared, are placed in a box of the size of an ordinary chronometer box, which, for safety, must be handled "this side up, with care."

A CERTAIN CURE FOR ACUTE RHEUMATISM.—By dissolving one ounce of saltpetre in half a pint of vinegar, letting it simmer near the fire until reduced to about half the quantity, and afterwards applying it to the parts affected, a certain and speedy cure will be the result.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

The King of Delhi's Trial.—The Indian News.—A pretty atrocity.—The new India Bill and its provisions.—The Chancellor against the Suez Canal.—Poor Spooner.—China.—Tenant Right Deputation to Lord Derby.—J. F. Maguire, Esq., M.P., the spokesman on the occasion.—Trials of Bernard and Truelove.—Terrible fire.—Mormonism in the House of Commons.—Disgraceful outrage in Scotland.—The Patriotic Fund Commissioners.—Our artist gone.

London, 2nd April, 1858.

I was not wrong in stating to you in my last that the news of the condemnation of the king of Delhi was premature. The last intelligence received announces that the trial was not yet terminated. If we are to credit newspaper correspondents, evidence has been given, since the departure of the preceding mail, to implicate the poor descendant of Aurungzebe in the questions of treason and massacre. The part played by the Shah of Persia in inciting the revolt is also stated by the same authorities to have been established. I have little confidence in those correspondents' impartiality in summing up evidence, and the absence of proof in the testimony brought forward during the first days of the trial, warrants me in withholding judgment until full reports of the further evidence elicited shall have been published. The contemplated attack on Lucknow, which was to have taken place on the 27th of February, was again postponed, the siege trains not having arrived until the 23rd. It was only on the 2nd March that Sir Colin Campbell left Cawnpore and proceeded to Alumbagh. The attack was now fixed for the 10th March, and the forces before Lucknow were said to amount to about 60,000 men of all arms. The guns numbered 120. Unimportant skirmishes had taken place in which the insurgents had been defeated. Two attacks on Sir James Outram had been repulsed, and that General had crossed the Goomtee with his forces to take up the position assigned him in the general attack. Gen. Frank had been successful in two encounters with the insurgents, but the number of men engaged, as well as the advantage of the victors, was insignificant. Small pox had broken out in the Ghoorka camp. The next mail will probably bring us the result of the grand attack.

A correspondent of one of the journals gives us with delightful *nonchalance* the account of a very pretty little atrocity committed on, not by, the Sepoys. A body of the latter crossed the Ganges below its junction with the Grand Canal. Finding that they were awaited by a British force they endeavored to retrace their steps when the officer having charge of the canal suddenly let down the sluices and drowned 200 of the unfortunates. Highly civilized warfare, is it not?

Mr. Disraeli rose to introduce the new India Bill on Friday last. A Minister of the Crown, occuping the rank and performing the duties of Secretary of State, is to be President of the India Council, and to have the power to appoint the Vice-President. The Council is to consist of eighteen members, to be numbered 1, 2, 3, &c., like rooms in a hotel. The first nine to be appointed by a royal warrant, the others by election. Among those appointed by the Crown, the civil service of each presidency is to have a representative. At least ten years' service in one of the presidencies of India, or under the Governor-General, is a necessary qualification. One member is to have, in addition to his ten years' service, five years' residence at the court of a native prince as an especial qualification. The four other members are to represent the military service. Of the nine to be elected four must have served in some branch of the Indian service during ten years, fifteen years' residence being necessary to qualify those who have not served. As to the qualifications of voters any person having borne a commission in her Majesty's army, or in India for ten years, having resided there, or been in the civil service during the same period, every registered proprietor to the amount of £2000 capital stock in Indian Railways or Indian public works of any description; all proprietors of E. I. Company's Stock to the amount of £2000 are to have the power of electing those four members of the council. The necessary qualifications for the other five members are: to have been engaged in the commerce of India for five years or to have recided in that country for, at least, fourteen years. The cities of London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow and Belfast are each to elect one member. The members to be appointed at first for one, two four or six years, and permanently for six years, to have a salary of £1000 per annum, but not to sit in Parliament. The crown is to have the patronage, India to have two armies and to pay the expenses of its own government. The authority of the Governor General is not to be interfered with. The project seems rather too complicated to work well and the amount of power placed in the hands of the President of the Council by far too great. The bill however if should ever pass, will only do so in a very modified state. It is remarkable that no provision is made for the representation of the people of India who would naturally be expected to take an interest in a subject involving their interests to such an extent. The claims of Dublin and Edinburgh to elect members of the Council were put forward. The chancellor subsequently expressed his disapproval of the Suez Canal. The immortal Spooner gave notice that on the 12th he should move for a Committee of the whole house to consider the Grant to Maynooth. Poor Spooner! His name would fit him better if the concluding *r* was changed into a *y*.

From China we have nothing of any importance. Tranquillity was not so completely restored as sanguine telegrams have been but too ready to announce. Yeh was on the point of setting out on his compulsory visit to British India.

A deputation of Irish liberal members had an interview with the Premier, during the week, on the subject of Tenant Right. The task of explaining the business of the deputation was confided to John Francis Maguire, Esq., M. P., who explained it ably and at length. Lord Derby admitted the justice of the claim for compensation for improvements of a permanent and useful character, and expressed his willingness to have it made a subject of legislation. He requested Mr. Maguire to send him a copy of the bill now before the House of Commons and the second reading of which is fixed for the 14th of the present month.

It is announced that the trial of Bernard will take place before a special commission at the Central Criminal Court on Monday, 12th inst. The prosecution will be conducted by the Attorney-General and the defence by Mr. E. James Q. C. The trial of Truelove will take place with in the classic precincts of the Old Bailey at the ordinary session next week. The course of Truelove has never been a smooth one.

A terrible conflagration which took place on Sunday last in Gilbert St., Bloomsbury, has frightened the entire metropolis. Fifteen persons have perished in the flames.

The Mormonic tendencies of some of our fellow-subjects are taking a definite shape. A petition from the "Latter-day Saints," praying for the legislation of the institution of Polygamy, was presented last week in the Lower House by Sir J. Ogilvie. If you should drive Brigham Young out of Utah, I would not be surprized if certain "sympathizers" should offer him the hospitality of England proper. We have apologists of assassination, why not apologists for all other crimes?

A most horrible case of sacrilegious bigotry took place lately in Scotland, and is now being investigated by the authorities. In October last the lady of Captain Ranald Macdonald, formerly of the 92nd Highlanders, died and was buried at Kilchryal. In February the brother of the deceased lady removed the body by night to another part of the Churchyard, because the Macdonalds are Catholics. It is to be hoped that the author of this outrage will receive the punishment he merits.

The second report of the commissioners of the Patriotic Fund has been published and is a most shuffling document. The charges are not answered but evaded. Mr. Ball refused to sign the report.

Your Irish exchanges will already have informed you of the loss that Art has suffered in the death of the indefatigable and talented Hogan. You will find sketches of his life in most of the papers. May the child of Art sleep well after the fitful fever of his life!

W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The Passport Question.—The Moniteur.—Belgium.—Switzerland.—Another Victim of the Assassins of the Rue Lepeletier.—Seditious Offences.—The Icarian Society.—Election.—Queen Victoria's Present to the Emperor.—The Cent-Gardes.—The Foire aux jambons.—The Foire aux pains d'epice.—Easter Customs.—The Colored Exiles.—A Visit from Lord Palmerston.—The Conservator of the Emperor's Tomb.—Arrest of the Murderer of an American Sailor.—Holy Week in Paris.—Death of Abbe Lagrange.

Paris, 1st April, 1858.

The sensation caused without France by the measures taken with regard to the granting of passports to persons visiting France has brought out the official journal on the subject. Notwithstanding the cry which has been raised the Imperial government has only put in vigor the regulations which date from the years 1791, 1807, 1810, and 1816 and which were revised and arranged in their entirety in 1833. These regulations are resumed in the following dispositions: The French diplomatic and consular agents are only to deliver passports to their own countrymen when the identity of the persons demanding them is fully established by two witnesses. They cannot give passports to foreigners. This principle had been departed from in England but the English Government, convinced of the inconvenience arising from that manner of proceeding, has arranged that in future, British subjects can be provided with passports by the British authorities. The French consuls and agents have the power to require the presence of the bearers of passports for which their *visa* is required. However, every latitude is left them in exceptional cases. In view of the rules which forbid the foreign vice-consuls of France in frontier countries to deliver passports or visas, the Emperor's government has appointed, for the points of the frontiers which are the most important thoroughfares for foreigners, French consuls authorised to deliver passports and affix visas so that travellers may be spared unnecessary trouble. The *Moniteur* endeavors to show that if in the interest of the public peace, the Imperial government found observance of these rules necessary, they also endeavored to avoid placing any obstacles in the way of easy and friendly communication between France and other countries.

The Belgian Chamber of Representatives in its session of the 25th took up the passport question, and ordered that representation should be made to the French Government with regard to the inconvenience which the present regulations would cause to numbers of Belgian merchants, farmers, and mechanics, who daily pass the frontier with simple permits, and even without any formality when they are known. The important question of recruiting for the army also came up in a late session. Petitions have been circulating, for some time past, in favor of the abolition of the present system. These petitions came before the Chamber signed by over seventy thousand persons, among whom are over a thousand burgomasters. The Committee charged to study the matter reported favorably, but the Minister of the Interior energetically opposed its conclusions. While avowing that the militia law required some reforms in its details, he pointed out the vices of the system of voluntary enlistment. The question was provisionally set at rest by the order of the day being voted.

The same question still agitates the public mind in Switzerland and the *Bund*, the semi-official organ of the Federal Council, maintains in strong terms its opinions on the necessity of refusing the exequatur to the new French Consuls.

Another victim of the horrible affair of the 14th January, a young girl of fifteen died on the 18th ult. at the Hospital Lariboisiere, from the effects of wounds received on that bloody occasion.

Persons are being tried daily for seditious expressions and offences against the person of the Emperor. Nine persons were placed on the records of the Police Correctionnelle one day last week. The Sixth Chamber pronounced against eight of them sentences varying from a fortnight to six months' imprisonment, and from fifteen to fifty francs fine. The ninth person accused was an old widow of fifty-eight years of age, but as on her examination she gave evidence of being deranged, the tribunal appointed a physician to examine the mental state of the acccused, and the sentence was postponed. Fifteen persons appeared before the Correctionnelle of Troyes, accused of belonging to a secret society, of manufacturing powder, distributing pamphlets without permission, and of having arms and ammunition. The evidence showed that they belonged to an association called the Icarian Society. This society, the accused affirmed, did not exist in France but in America, and the principal prisoner was only looked upon as the representative of the agent of the Icarian Society in Paris. The counsel for the defence endeavored to show that the object of the society was to clear and cultivate land, to become a State under the laws of the United States and that, in the meantime, the society submitted to the laws of Illinois. The judge decided however, that the association established at Troyes had a very different object from that of the Icarian colony in America, that arms and ammunition were found in the houses of several of the prisoners. He sentenced the chief to a year's imprisonment and 100 francs fine with the loss of his civic rights during five years, four others to lighter punishments and fines, and in addition prohibited from the enjoyment of the right of citizens during two years and acquitted the remaining prisoners.

The *Patrie* announces that an election will take place on the 18th and 19th of the present month, for three deputies to the Corps Legislatif in place of Gen. Cavaignac and Messrs. Carnot and Goudchaux.

The cannon presented by Queen Victoria to the Emperor was brought to the Tuileries yesterday by a detachment of the Horse Cannoniers of the Imperial Guard. The Emperor, accompanied by Lord Cowley, the minister at war, and Gen. La Hette, president of the Artillery Committee, inspected the present. Major Andrews, of the English army, explained the mechanism of the piece. The Empress also appeared accompanied by the Prince Imperial. The Emperor expressed his great satisfaction to Lord Cowley and complimented Major Andrews.

The re-organization of the Cent Gardes which has been some time in contemplation has been decided upon. The corps will be composed of two companies of two platoons each, will be commanded by a Colonel, a Lieutenant-Colonel, and a proportional number of officers. The preparations for the inauguration of the Boulevard de Sebastopol are going forward with the greatest activity. Lofty poles surmounted by gilt balls and decorated with flags will be placed at certain distances along the Boulevard. A platform is to be erected for the municipal authorities and the functionaries belonging to different departments of the public service.

The celebrated and traditional *Foire aux Jambons*, which commences on Tuesday of Holy Week, and lasts three days, closes to-day, (Holy Thursday.) The line of ham venders reached from the Rue de la Cerisaie to where the Boulevard Morland meets the Boulevard Bourdon. Considerable business was done. The *Foire aux Pains d'epice* opens on Sunday, and considerable quantities of that pleasant species of confectionary will, no doubt, be purchased. This fair lasts three weeks, and is held in the historical Faubourg Saint-Antoine. Another Easter institution here is the *Colored Egg*. Quantities of eggs stained with different colors are exposed for sale, and careful mothers take care to have a good supply on hand for the amusement and eventual consumption of the little ones. The amusement consists in procuring a very hard egg and defying all comers to break it by hitting it on the small end with the same end of another egg. The vanquished is, of course, obliged to yield the broken egg to the victor. A great deal lies in knowing how to strike, and how to hold the egg to be struck, and some expert champions win quite a number of eggs during the course of the day.

It is reported here that Lord Palmerston intends visiting France, and that he is even expected in a very few days.

M. Gautier de Rougemont, who has been appointed Conservator of the tomb of the Emperor at Saint Helena, has left Paris for his post.

The Havre police yesterday arrested a Genoese sailor, named Francesco Derschi, who is suspected of having murdered Anthony Allen on board the American vessel, *Zenobia*.

The Churches are thronged with pious crowds during this Holy Week. On Palm Sunday the emblems of the Passion of our Lord were exposed to the veneration of the faithful in the Church of Notre Dame. The eloquent Pere Felix preaches every evening to an immense throng of attentive listeners. Before the Sermon the *Miserere* is sung. This evening the Abbe Maret, Dean of the Faculty of Theology at the Sorbonne will preach a sermon on the Eucharist, in the Church of Saint Augustine, and to-morrow (Good Friday) he will preach on the Passion of Our Saviour in the same Church. The population of this parish is mostly composed of working people and they have been most edifyingly zealous in their attendance at the ceremonies of Holy Week.

The Abbe Lagrange one of the most talented contributors to the *Revue de Bretagne et de Vendee* has died suddenly at the age of forty. He is a great loss to the Catholic religion and Catholic Literature in the diocese of Nantes.

A very disastrous accident occurred while the steamship *Saxonia* was coming up the bay last week. By an untoward accident the *Saxonia* ran into the pilot boat *Westervelt*, sinking her immediately, and drowning one man.

CITY NEWS.

Street Preaching Again.—One of the peculiar beauties arising from the late religious revival, independent of the wide-spread lunacy it has engendered, is to be found in the fact that in this city of New York it threatens to set on foot a fresh mania for street preaching, little inferior to that with which we were pestered in 1854. On Sunday week last, a person dubbed by his associates as the Rev. Mr. Taylor—but whom we regard as a second Angel Gabriel minus his horn—took up a position on the steps of a Mission Church, somewhere convenient to the Five Points, and commenced launching forth his puerile denunciations against Pope and Popery. The neighborhood in question is thickly inhabited by Catholics, and to create a row was evidently the intention of this firebrand. A policeman, who happened to be passing at the time, informed our orator that he should give over his scheme of enlightenment until he had received the Mayor's permission. He was consequently compelled to desist. We cannot for a moment imagine that any amount of representation which can be brought to bear on the Mayor will elicit a consent on his part to allow unhappy persons, such as this Taylor, to foment outrage and discontent on the Sabbath, a day set aside by the Ruler of the universe, and expressly designed by Him for a different purpose. If, despairing of the consent of the chief magistrate, any among the fanatics should be found so disregardful of order and the public peace as to venture forth, despite the injunctions of that functionary, they should be unceremoniously laid hold of, and sent to cool their heels and reform their morals in the Tombs, where they would be likely to meet with some of their old acquaintances, who, no doubt, would be extremely unhappy to see them in such an unfortunate predicament.

City Taxation.—Each returning year but adds to the city taxation. Let different incumbents of the same office wrangle as they may the city is forced to pay all. While the municipal rule was in the hands of one party we were assured by its opponents that the grievance would be remedied on their own accession to power. Such, however, turns out not to be the case. The city is exactly in the position of a wealthy invalid who suffers from a multiplicity of doctors, who, instead of relieving their patient of his disease, but adds to its poignancy by the infliction of others. It is an absurdity to suppose that property owners pay those taxes. The greater proportion of these moneys come out of the pockets of the laboring classes, the occupants of apartments, ranging in value from five to fifteen dollars per month. It is true the property holders are the persons directly applied to and held accountable for payment according to law, but then these parties in most instances evade the increase of taxation by raising the rents of the unfortunate roomkeepers. Half a dollar a month additional from each family does not appear to be much, but it is sufficient notwithstanding to meet the increased taxation and leave a trifle to boot. Of all the accumulated ills, real or imagined, which this city groans under, this system of exorbitant rents is certainly the most stupendous and depressing. It is an evil, too, which the recent commercial depression has not mitigated in the least, though confidently expected that it would.

New York Fashionable Society.—The following will convey a pretty correct idea of New York fashionable life and of the manner in which a portion of its worshippers deport themselves at some of their convivial gatherings. We give the extract just as we find it. "A grand party was given a few nights since by a wealthy citizen, at which the peculiar graces of the fashionable young men of New York shone with unusual splendor. In an upper room, where card tables had been set for the old gentlemen, was a large bowl of punch, which 'the boys' smelt out. They broke into the room, and got roaring drunk on the punch; then invaded the hat-room and cut up all the men's hats, except their own, boring holes in some, slashing others, slicing off the brims and punching out the crowns, until the floor was covered with ruined castors; and finally wound up their *gentlemanly* behavior by cutting the cord of the dumb-waiter and letting the whole of the expensive supper crockery go into the kitchen, smashing it into countless pieces. When such acts are done by common people the perpetrators are called rowdies and (sometimes) sent to Blackwell's Island."

The "Revival"—Shocking Incident.—The late religious mania has been the cause of many disastrous results. In the early part of last week an elderly lady, Mrs. Elizabeth Pooton, residing at No. 48 West 28th street, became full of the idea that she was on the point of becoming unrighteous. To such a degree did she allow herself to become imbued with this absurd and insane idea, and to such an extent had it obtained the mastery over her, that to avoid what she regarded as so great a calamity she determined on self-destruction. A cross-beam in a stable situate to the rear of her dwelling was selected by her as the most fitting place for carrying out the dreadful deed of self-destruction, and from this cross-beam she was found, by her friends, suspended. A coroner's jury was assembled, when the fact of her religious monomania was ascertained, and a verdict of "death by suicide" returned. Mrs. Pooton was a native of England, and 59 years of age.

The Board of Officers belonging to the Common Schools in the Fourth Ward have, we are happy to perceive, prohibited the reading of the Bible in all the schools of that Ward. At a recent regular meeting of the above body the following resolution was passed unanimously: "*Resolved*, That the reading of the Bible be dispensed with in all the schools of this Ward." The great majority of the children attending the above schools are Catholics, as are also the teachers. The above resolution has given very general satisfaction, and reflects very creditably on the Board of School Officers.

A vigorous and almost successful attempt was made recently by a young pickpocket to disencumber the famous Lola Montez of her purse while riding in one of the Third avenue cars. The conductor observed the motions of the youthful rogue and seized him by the coat collar. But he contrived to effect his escape by dropping the purse and adroitly slipping off his coat, which he left in the hands of the conductor.

Ex-Alderman Delamater died suddenly of apoplexy at his residence in West 23d street on Friday morning last. Deceased leaves a widow and several children. He was a man of reputed wealth.

The Hotel waiters of this city have organized themselves into an association. They demand an increase of wages.

Several hundred men are at work on the new Reservoir in the Central Park.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

New Catholic Church, Portlaw.—On Sunday, March '28, the Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, performed the ceremony of blessing and laying the foundation stone of a new Catholic Church in Portlaw, county Waterford. At the conclusion of the imposing ceremonial, his Lordship addressed the assemblage on the honor and importance of the glorious work they were engaged in, that of erecting a temple to the Most High, who had evinced His love of such a tribute, by condescending to give His faithful servant, Moses, instructions for the building of the Tabernacle. The site of the new Church is most picturesque, seated on a gentle eminence overlooking the village town of Portlaw, overshadowed by lordly trees, and charmed by the music of purling streams, seeming specially marked out as a place where—

"Heavenly contemplation dwells,"

and involuntarily leading the imagination to picture the positions chosen for the erection of Christian churches in the days of the great Apostle Patrick, and his immediate successors. The building when finished will be every way worthy of its sublime purpose. The length of the church will be 108 feet 9 inches, and breadth 60 feet; width of nave 28 feet, of aisles 16 feet; height of aisle walls 14 feet, of nave walls 34 feet; height from floor to apex of roof 59 feet; height of turret 62 feet, of spire 21 feet—total of turret, spire, and cross, 87 feet. The architect is J. J. M'Carthy, Esq., who may be called emphatically the *Irish* Pugin. The contractor for the execution of the works is Mr. Richard Pierce, of Wexford. A new Catholic Church is much needed in Portlaw, the population being over 5,000. The little ricketty old chapel (which was built by the present Marquis of Waterford's grandfather for the use of his Catholic tenants) is totally inadequate to afford the accommodation required.

Holy Week in Tuam.—The ceremonies were performed in the Cathedral with the usual solemnity. His Grace the Archbishop pontificated on Holy Thursday. The oils were blessed, and a solemn procession of the "Presanctified" Host took place. The Host was carried by his Grace, under a canopy gorgeously and richly ornamented, to the side altar, which was fitted up for the occasion in the most tasteful and costly manner. On Good Friday the Mass of the Presanctified was celebrated by the Rev. J. J. Noone, P. P. The Passion sermon was preached by the Rev. Thomas M'Donagh, R. C. C., Innisboffin. The attendance of the Catholic Faithful on both days, and especially on Good Friday, was immense. Every part of the Cathedral was crowded so much so that the procession of the Blessed Host took place with the utmost difficulty. The ceremonies on Holy Saturday commenced at eight o'clock, when the following clergymen officiated at High Mass: the Rev. Mr. Coyne, Celebrant, and the Rev. Messrs. Corcoran and Waldron as Deacon and Sub-Deacon. The ceremony of blessing the Paschal candle and baptismal font was performed as usual.—*Tuam Herald.*

The New Church at Enniskerry.—On Easter Monday the foundation stone of this new church was laid by his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. The Bishop of Bombay, the Very Rev. Dean Meyler, the Rev. Canon M'Cabe, P.P., and a number of other clergymen were present. Amongst the laity were: The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, the Right Hon. Justice Keogh, Christopher O'Connell Fitzsimons, Esq., J.P.; James Duffy, Esq., &c. In consequence of the severity of the weather a covered way had to be erected over the place where the first stone was to be deposited. His Grace the Archbishop having assumed his robes, was presented by the Rev. Thomas O'Dwyer, Administrator, with a magnificently-wrought silver trowel, manufactured at the establishment of Mr. J. Donegan, Dublin. The handle, which is carved at the end in the shape of a mitre, is a part of an old yew tree, now growing at Glendalough, and said to have been planted by St. Kevin. A cross in ivory is inlaid on the handle.

College of All Hallows.—On Holy Saturday the Archbishop of Dublin promoted to Holy Orders eleven students of All Hallow's College, viz., the Rev. James Largan and Patrick O'Reilly to Priesthood; the Rev. James Moore, James M'Enroe, and Robert Maguire, to Deaconship; and the Rev. P. Cassidy, John Tracy, Thomas Quinn, Bernard Tracy, B. Morris, and Thomas Carolan, to Sub-Deaconship. On the previous Wednesday his Grace conferred Tonsure and Minor Orders on twenty-three others. These young clergymen are destined for the following missions: viz., for Buenos Ayres, South America; Sydney and Melbourne, Australia; Brooklyn, Pittsburgh, Boston, Chicago, Louisville, Albany, and San Francisco, (California,) in the United States; Roscau, in the West Indies; Liverpool, Salford, in England; and the eastern and western districts of Scotland.

We are very happy to be able to record an act which shows a freedom from sectarian prejudice in our Protestant fellow-countrymen. On Friday week the foundation stone of a new Catholic Church of Castlemagner was laid by Sir Henry W. Beecher, of Ballygiblin.—*Cork Examiner.*

The Rev. Mr. Foley, P.P., Timoleague, died on the 25th March, of effusion of water on the chest. Seldom has the grave closed on a more amiable clergyman. His remains were removed to Ballyhooly, accompanied by his own sorrowing flock, and by the Protestant gentry of the country. *Requiescat in pace.—Ibid.*

Domestic.

Confirmations.—On last Sunday morning the Cathedral presented a most glorious sight. The boys and girls, who were to be confirmed, entered the Church by two distinct processions, the latter having proceeded from the House of Our Lady of Mercy in Queen street. The Right Rev. Bishop celebrated Mass and at its close administered confirmation. Before the communion, and again before confirmation he addressed them in words of fervid exhortation. In the evening the ceremony of Renewal of the Baptismal Vows was performed with much solemnity, all joining in the promises at the close of the prayer, which was admirably read by one of the children. The Bishop addressed the congregation immediately before the ceremony, explaining and encouraging all to unite in it. We have not seen the official returns of the number confirmed. But our impression, and that of others of the Rev. Clergy of the Cathedral, is that there were about 200 first communions and 300 confirmations. Among the latter were several adults, of whom some were converts.—*Catholic Miscellany, 17th April.*

The Right Rev. Bishop Neumann gave confirmation to 260 persons in St. Paul's Church, on Sunday last, and preached a most eloquent and practical sermon at 10 1-2 o'clock Mass. In the afternoon, after Vespers, the same Right Rev. prelate gave a most feeling exhortation to the children he had confirmed in the morning, who, thanks to the good Sisters of the Holy Cross, were most tastefully and beautifully dressed for the interesting occasion.—*Philadelphia Herald and Visitor.*

The Right Rev. Bishop Wood administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to ninety-five persons, on last Sunday, at St. Joachim's Church, Frankford. At the 10 1-2 o'clock Mass, the same Right Rev. prelate delivered an eloquent sermon.—*Ibid.*

On the same day, the Right Rev. Coadjutor Bishop Wood officiated at St. Philip's Church, and in the morning confirmed 222 persons—and at 10 1-2 o'clock Mass preached an eloquent sermon.—*Ibid.*

A Spiritual Retreat terminated in Dubuque, on Sunday, 11th inst. Nothing, we think, can show the growth of religion in the Far West more than the fact, that over four thousand received Holy Communion at the close of the spiritual exercises in that new city.—*Ibid.*

Rev. Father Smarius, S.J., is preaching a Two Weeks' Mission in St. Xavier's Church, Cincinnati.

The Second Provincial Synod of the Province of Cincinnati will be convened, God willing, in Cincinnati; city, on next Sunday, the fourth after Easter. The following is a list of the Prelates who are expected to meet on that occasion, in the order of their consecration: Most Rev. J. B. Purcell, D. D., Archbishop of Cincinnati; Right Rev. Peter Paul Lefevere, D. D., Bishop of Zela in *part. inf.* and Administrator of Detroit; Right Rev. Amadeus Rappe, D. D., Bishop of Cleveland; Right Rev. Martin J. Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Louisville; Right Rev. Maurice de St. Palais, D. D., Bishop of Vincennes; Right Rev. George Aloysius Carrell, D. D., Bishop of Covington; Right Rev. Frederick Baraga, D. D., Bishop of Sant St. Mary; Right Rev. John Henry Luers, D. D., Bishop of Fort Wayne. Right Rev. Richard Pius Miles, D. D., Bishop of Nashville, although not of this Province, will also be present. The Superiors of Religious Orders have been invited to the council by their respective Prelates. Every bishop will be attended by one or more Theologians.—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.*

On Saturday, Feast of St. Anicetus, Pope and Martyr, the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell conferred the sacred Order of Priesthood upon four candidates in the Cathedral of St. Peter. The young priests were all Germans, ordained for the archdiocese of Cincinnati. They were: Rev. Ber. Jos. Monge, of Osnabruck; the Rev. Bernard Gels, of Meppen, also of Osnabruck; the Rev. Henry Boeker, of Meppen; and the Rev. J. Schiff, of Treves.—*Ibid.*

There were seventy-seven persons confirmed in St. Augustine's Church, Cincinnati, on last Sunday, in the forenoon; and one hundred and ninety-nine, in St. John's Church, in the afternoon.—*Ibid.*

The untiring Father Weninger has been giving missions in Dayton, St. Francis of Sales Church (Walnut Hills), Cincinnati, and is now engaged in similar labors in the Church of St. Boniface, Piqua.—*Ibid.*

We understand from an authentic source that Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Regan's resignation of his diocese has been accepted by the Holy See.—*Ibid.*

New Orleans.—The new church of St. Alphonsus, in the Fourth District, was to have been consecrated on Sunday, 25th April. The Archbishop will perform the ceremony, assisted by several of his suffragans. The *Catholic Standard* adds, that this will be the first parish Church consecrated in New Orleans.

At Waterloo, Monroe County, Ill., on Easter Monday, forty-eight children, of both sexes, made their First Communion at SS. Peter and Paul's Church, at this place.

A good carpet is one of those things deemed indispensable in almost every family, and it is often difficult to learn just where a reliable and desirable article—price and quality considered—can be found. We are tolerably well acquainted with carpet stores, and cheerfully commend our friends to Mr. Donnelly, 98 Bowery, N. Y. He has a beautiful store, a fresh and well assorted stock, and is disposed to sell on fair terms; indeed, his experience and business facilities enable him to compete successfully with any other house. Call and see him when you want a good carpet. ap10 1y

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Cotton.—The market has been rather quiet; parties were awaiting the announcement of the Canada on Saturday, and since the news was telegraphed very little has transpired. The sales are 1,000 bales.

Flour and Meal.—The demand for Western Canal Flour is moderate, but with light arrivals prices are well sustained, especially for the low grades of State and Southern Ohio Round Hoop—The inquiry for export to Liverpool is moderate, but there is a fair demand for the British Provinces; the sales are 8,700 bbls. at $4 20@$4 27½ for common to good State; $4 35@$4 50 for extra do.; $4 10@$4 30 for superfine Indiana and Michigan; $4 55@$4 65 for extra do.; $4 60@$4 75 for common to good Round Hoop extra Ohio; small do., out of order, $4 50; $4 75@$5 35 for good to choice do.; $4 80@$6 50 for St. Louis brands; and $5@$6 50 for extra Genesee. Canadian Flour is steady, the demand is moderate for the trade, and the Provinces and the arrivals fair; sales of 850 bbls. at $4 30 for superfine, and $4 45@$5 55 for extra brands. Southern Flour is in fair request in part for West Indies and Central America; the home trade is fair; the sales are 1,650 bbls. at $4 40@$4 55 for inferior stuff; $4 60@$4 80 for mixed to good brands Baltimore, &c.; $4 85@$6 85 for fancy and to choice brands. Rye Flour is steady; sales of 220 bbls. at $3@$3 60. Corn Meal is quiet; sales of 60 bbls. Jersey at $3 60@$3 65.

Hay.—The market is lower; the supply is fair; sales of 1 000 bales at 45@55c. ₱ 100 ℔.

Hides.—There continues a good demand, and prices are sustained; sales of 2,694 Buenos Ayres received ₱ Argo at 25c., less 4 per cent.

Provisions.—The upward tendency in the Pork market continues, but there is less activity, and prices of most kinds are better; the sales are 5,014 bbls. at $18 4 0@$19 for Mess; $18@$18 10 for Thin Mess; $19 75@$19 80 for Clear; $17 for Prime Mess; $15 16@$15 75 for prime and small lots, and $15 50 and $14 50 for Rumps. Included in the sales are 500 bbls. Messe, buyers' option 30 days, at $18 75 with interest; 1,000 bbls. do at $19, for the same time; 519 bbls. do. buyers' option, same time, at $18 75, and 250 bbls. for the same time at $19. Beef is better, and in good demand for the trade and the East; sales of 690 bbls. at $12 50@$14 for Repacked Western Mess; $14 75@$15 for extra do.; $14 50 for extra Tremont Mess; $7 2'@$8 25 for Country Prime; $10 5 @$11 50 for do Mess, closing firm. Beef Hams are quiet; sales of 41 bbls. at $16 50 for Western. Prime Mess is quiet at $18@$23. Bacon is in moderate demand, and is steady; sales of 30 hhds. Smoked at 11c. Cut meats are a shade better; sales of 490 hhds. and tcs. at 7@7¾c. for Shoulders, and 9@10c. for Hams. Lard is in fair request, and is again better; the arrivals are light; sales of 700 bbls. and tcs. at 11¼@11¾c. Butter is in fair demand and is more plenty; sales of Ohio at 12@20c., and State at 16@25c. Cheese is salable at 6@9c.

Sugars.—The business is more active, and prices are firm; sales of 1,750 hhds., nearly all Cuba, at 5¾@6¾c. Refined are dull. Sales also of 60 boxes Havana at ⅝c.

Teas.—There is but little doing in view of several public sales announced.

Tallow.—The market is a shade firmer; sales of 40,000 ℔ at 11¼@11¾c., and Rough Fat at 7¾c., cash.

Tobacco.—Kentucky is firm; there is not much doing. Spanish arrives freely, and meets with steady sale at full prices; sales of 42 hhds. Kentucky at 1 ¼@12c.; 636 bbls. Havana at 38@51¾c.; 65 cases Seed, leaf at 12½@20c.; 374 bales Mayari and 161 bales Yara on private terms.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum	20
Music, per annum	40
Use of Piano, per annum	8

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No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

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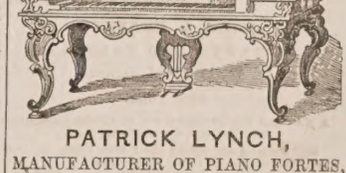
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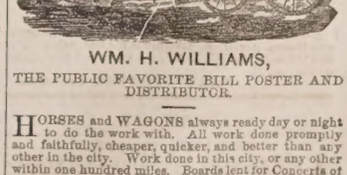

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